The Nation.

March 21, 1981 $1

AP
2
.N37

TN PRICE TENN 0094029 81 1 01
PERIODICALS DEPT
THE SHERROD LIBRARY
E TENNESSEE ST UNIV
JOHNSON CITY TENN
MAR 17 1981

EDITORIAL

WAITING FOR POLAND

This week *The New York Times* referred to pro-Government demonstrators in Warsaw as "rightists." This characterization, if generalized more widely, would make our renascent cold war look even more amusing than it does already.

Here is a ramshackle government, sustained in power almost entirely by Western credits, which is also about to have cruise missiles targeted on its centers of population and production. If there is a point where irony gives way to sheer black comedy, this must be it. Meanwhile, the Polish authorities employ unabashed anti-Semitism in their campaign against dissent. The spokesmen of Polish orthodoxy barely trouble to conceal themselves behind a veil of "anti-Zionism" directed at those "to whom Poland is only a temporary home."

There could be no better example of the ambiguity and subtlety which pervades the politics of Old Europe. The Catholic Church, which is in one sense the godmother of the workers' opposition movement, is in another the patron of anti-Semitism. The workers' movement, classically syndicalist in one mode, is in fact traditionally nationalist in another.

The untidiness of Poland is a good match for the chaos of El Salvador. Both the Soviet Union and the United States hope to get their way in these respective countries without committing what are mysteriously called "ground troops." The Russian tactic in Poland seems to be to rely on a local clientele, laced with chauvinist and police pressure. The State Department line in El Salvador doesn't seem all that different when you put it that way. An outright invasion would supply a much-needed alibi for either superpower. Both blocs, in fact, seem to be planning, and almost hoping, for a worst-case outcome. Polish Jewry was not the only one to suffer the last time that happened.

CHARL[illegible] 3
ANG[illegible]
Christo[illegible]
Hitchens

CREATIONISM
Alan Wolfe

KHOMEINI'S CRITICS
Fred Halliday

J. P. STEVENS CONTRACT
Ed McConville

SHOWDOWN AT SHOREHAM
Susan Jaffe

JEAN HARRIS INDUSTRY
Sue M. Halpern

THE FOUNDATION TRAP

CORPORATIST CULTURE MINISTRIES

DAVID F. NOBLE

Culture is not merely the preserve of the privileged; it is a battleground, a contested terrain where victories on the political level are either secured or undone. Here the prize is not truth or wisdom but rather a world view, rooted in habits of thought and lines of inquiry that will ultimately dominate and shape future political discourse. Without knowing it, the left could be losing this most subtle and crucial battle. During the last decade, there have emerged a number of agencies whose task it has been to lay claim to this terrain in order to alter prevailing conceptions, revitalize abandoned modes of thought (such as free enterprise, the self-regulating market, the innocent idea of progress at any price, the virtues of inequality and the neutrality of expertise, to name a few), and otherwise create a solid intellectual foundation for corporate propaganda campaigns and political successes.

Most of the newer conservative agencies are well-known: the Heritage Foundation, the American Enterprise Institute, the Olin Foundation and the like—as are their older liberal counterparts: Ford, Rockefeller, Brookings et al. But others are less visible, or are known for reasons that seem innocuous, even benign. I am writing this article to focus attention upon two of the latter: the German Marshall Fund of the United States and the National Humanities Center.

The fund and the center are just two of many institutions attempting to influence intellectual debates over issues of public policy. To single them out is not meant to suggest that their par-

(Continued on Page 336)

ETSU LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS.

MONEY AND INFLUENCE

New York City

Ronald Radosh's reply to David F. Noble's letter [Letters, *The Nation*, Feb. 21] evades the point. What do the Trilateral Commission and the Institute for Democratic Socialism have in common in the eyes of the German Marshall Fund? What is the German Marshall Fund and what is its intent?

The fund is not a family philanthropy (also, of course, subject to scrutiny) nor an organization limited in the scope of its activities. The German Marshall Fund includes people who are tied to the United States' most powerful banks and investment firms and some of its largest corporations. As many hear almost daily, the fund now provides a substantial amount of support to liberal public radio. It has also given particular attention to a variety of progressive social movements and funded research and projects on such topics as conflict management and citizen participation in nuclear plant siting (!). Can we assume that the fund's interest in these topics is that of moving us toward organization and revolutionary transformation of society?

Whatever the content or immediate control of the Institute for Democratic Socialism's conference, an ad hominem response to Noble's letter is something to be feared in itself. It would be naïve to think that we can simply take their money and run. Putting on blinders will not make the question of power go away. It may, however, protect us from understanding the meaning of our compromises as we make them.

Janet M. Corpus

See David F. Noble's cover piece on the German Marshall Fund. —The Editors

A PROTEST FOR SURVIVAL

Millersville, Pa.

I read Andrew Stiller's letter ["The Protest/Survive File," *The Nation*, Feb. 14] with the conviction that his sentiments are shared by many other people. Currently large and potentially much larger constituencies have developed around the issues of environmentalism, nuclear power and nuclear weapons, the solar transition, the draft and unemployment.

On March 28 (the second anniversary of the Three Mile Island nuclear accident), a rally and march for Safe Energy and Full Employment will be held in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. The demands of the march are:

(*1*) No more Three Mile Islands—keep T.M.I. Unit I closed. No dumping of radioactive water into the Susquehanna River.

(*2*) Support the United Mine Workers of America in their efforts to secure a decent contract (the current contract expires on March 27).

(*3*) Jobs for all—a shorter work week and massive public works programs.

(*4*) Guaranteed alternative jobs for nuclear workers at union rates.

Sponsors of the march include the United Mine Workers, International Association of Machinists, United Auto Workers, United Furniture Workers, International Woodworkers, Graphic Arts International, International Chemical Workers Union, the Critical Mass Energy Project, SANE, Environmentalists for Full Employment, Americans for Democratic Action, Mobilization for Survival, Friends of the Earth and Nuclear Information and Resource Center.

The Harrisburg demonstration will be a historic coming together of organized labor and safe-energy activists to demand a national energy policy that is non-nuclear and maximizes the creation of jobs.

For more information, contact the Greater Harrisburg Labor Committee for Safe Energy and Full Employment at (717) 232-0396. *Ronald Davis*

ATTN: MAGGOTS OF THE LEFT

Scottsdale, Ariz.

I write to say how much genuine pleasure I have taken in reading recent issues of *The Nation* in general, and specifically the editorial "Who Watches Watchers" and Jay Peterzell's "Unleashing the Dogs of McCarthyism" [both Jan. 17], E. P. Thompson's "A Letter to America" [Jan. 24], Victor Navasky's "Security and Terrorism" and Jim Jacobs and Richard Soble's "A Blow Against the Red Squads" [both Feb. 14].

Reading the above, I began to feel reassured that Reagan & Co. would, indeed, make life miserable again for the old Parlor Pink Crowd and, at the same time, put fear into the hearts of all the little Neo-Pinkos a-blooming o'er the land. For, reading the bleatings and blattings "new McCarthyism" inspires in the earnest card-room Communist, I felt genuine hope stirring within me that Reagan will not be another Eisenhower. Mayhap Reagan will not be a creature of the Institute of Pacific Relations types in the State Department.

Watch out! Ol' Strom's gonna get you for sure! One hopes so, at any rate, for the cause and creed trumpeted in *The Nation* is as alien to the philosophy of a constitutionally based Federal Republic as a sidesaddle is to a hawg.

I look forward with glee to a possible eight—not just four—years of total trauma for the maggots of the left, be they waving the hammer and sickle or masquerading as champions of the poor, the aged, the economically and socially deprived, etc., etc. May the Red Squads follow your passage night and day; may the F.B.I. monitor your every action; and, of course, may you appear without surcease before U.S. House and Senate subversive activities investigative committees and, when the U.S. Congress is finished with you, may the several states also make public inquiry of you. As you pursue your foul course outside the United States, may you feel the omnipresent eye of the C.I.A. fixed constantly on your every word and deed. May your every fear be realized.

Special thanks are due to that most peculiar [Victor] Navasky's *Naming Names*. That enlarged pamphleteering effort is a valuable work of reference in conjunction with the U.S. Senate Internal Security Subcommittee's "Interlocking Subversion in Governmental Departments." So many of the "victims" of "McCarthyism" are now so wealthy and successful and publicly acclaimed that one forgets, at times, their Communist front and fellow-traveler backgrounds. Thank you, Navasky, for the carefully indexed book of reference.

Speaking of the victims of McCarthyism, who are they? The Hollywood Ten? Lillian Hellman? Jessica Mitford? Alger Hiss? Howard Fast? Helen Gahagan Douglas? (Jane Fonda?) Frederick Vanderbilt Field? If making a hell of a lot of money and being lionized is being victimized, the aforementioned are, indeed, victims.

I look forward to reading more of your squirmings, writhings and deplorings. As long as you miserable creatures of the New World Order are in pain, one may reckon normal people are in pretty good health.

With complete contempt for you and all for which you stand, I remain,

Francis X. Garneau

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTENTS.

Volume 232, Number 11

COVER
Editorial: Waiting for Poland
The Foundation Trap:
Corporatist Culture Ministries — *David F. Noble*

LETTERS
322

EDITORIALS
323 A Cheer for Pat
324 Legal Disservice
324 Charles's Angel — *Christopher Hitchens*
325 Energy Week Inc. — *Mark Hertsgaard*
326 *Variations* — *Calvin Trillin*

ARTICLES
327 Just Have Faith:
Creationism's Second Coming — *Alan Wolfe*
329 Iran's Stolen Revolution:
Anti-Imperialism of Fools — *Fred Halliday*
330 J. P. Stevens Contract:
A Step Forward, Two Steps Back — *Ed McConville*
332 Report From Mozambique:
Revolution in the Village — *James North*
334 Banning Antinuke Protests:
Legal Showdown at Shoreham — *Susan Jaffe*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
341 Ping! Not Some Chicano Woman — *Sue M. Halpern*
343 Vidal: Creation
Stanton and Vidal, eds.: Views From a Window:
Conversations with Gore Vidal — *J.D. O'Hara*
346 Vonnegut: Palm Sunday — *Michael Malone*
347 Theater — *Stephen Harvey*
348 Films — *Robert Hatch*
Drawings by J-C Suarès

Editor, Victor Navasky

Publisher, Hamilton Fish

Executive Editor, Richard Lingeman; *Associate Editors,* Kai Bird (on leave), Christopher Hitchens (visiting); *Assistant Editor,* Amy Wilentz; *Literary Editor,* Richard Pollak; *Assistant Literary Editor,* Elena Brunet; *Poetry Editor,* Grace Schulman; *Copy Editor,* Patricia Dowling; *Assistant Copy Editor,* Sydne Silverstein; *Editorial Assistant,* Barbara Dudley Davis; *Editorial Secretary,* Ola Lyon.

Advertising Manager, Emily Bailen; *Business Manager,* Ann B. Epstein; *Bookkeeper,* Gertrude Silverston; *Art/Production Manager,* Jane Sharples; *Assistant to Publisher,* Laurie Lipper; *Circulation Director,* Deborah Begel; *Classified,* Susan Wanklyn; *Receptionist,* Greta Loell; *Mail Clerk,* John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary,* Shirley Sulat; *Nation Associates,* Claudine Bacher; *Nation News Service,* Jeff Sorensen; *Publishing Consultant,* Jack Berkowitz.

Departments: Architecture, Jane Holtz Kay; *Dance,* Nancy Goldner; *Films,* Robert Hatch; *Music,* David Hamilton; *Television,* Peter Sourian; *White House Correspondent,* Robert Sherrill. *Correspondents: Latin America,* Penny Lernoux; *London,* Raymond Williams; *Paris,* Claude Bourdet; *Columnists and Regular Contributors:* Calvin Trillin (*Variations*), Thomas Ferguson & Joel Rogers (*The Political Economy*). *Contributing Editors,* Blair Clark, Gore Vidal. *Editorial Board:* James Baldwin, Norman Birnbaum, Richard Falk, Frances FitzGerald, Philip Green, Robert Lekachman, Sidney Morgenbesser, Aryeh Neier, Elizabeth Pochoda, Marcus G. Raskin, A.W. Singham, Roger Wilkins, Alan Wolfe.

The Nation is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by Nation Enterprises and © 1980 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011. Tel.: 212-242-8400. *Subscription Mail Address:* Nation Subscription Service, P.O. Box 1953, Marion, Ohio 43302. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION.

Regular Subscription Price: One year, $30; two years, $50; six months, $14. Student rate, $17 a year. Add $5 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $7 other foreign. All foreign subscriptions must be paid in equivalent U.S. funds. **Please allow 5-7 weeks for all subscription transactions.**

EDITORIALS.

A Cheer for Pat

We have, in the past, it could be said, gone out of our way to criticize Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, having devoted an entire issue to him [see *The Nation*, September 22, 1979]. Now, we would like to go out of our way to praise him.

Speaking on the floor of the United States Senate recently, Moynihan took note of a forthcoming visit to this country by President-designate Roberto Viola of Argentina. "Absent a positive response to the concern that has been expressed in this Chamber and in our Nation to the recent arrests of Argentinians just returned from the United Nations Human Rights Commission in Geneva," Moynihan said, "and absent a satisfactory conclusion of those so far unexplained arrests, the President's visit will be marred by objection in this body and elsewhere. . . . The President-designate will be welcome if he comes with this matter behind him, but would be ill advised to do so otherwise." Three days later, Emilio Mignone and the other leaders of what is left of Argentina's human-rights movement who were arrested on February 27 were released.

Of course, we can only speculate about what effect Moynihan's speech had in securing these releases, just as we could only speculate about what part Ernest Lefever, President Reagan's nominee to serve as Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights and Humanitarian Affairs, had in bringing about the arrests. Lefever was the principal architect of American policy at the Human Rights Commission meeting in Geneva at which the United States appeared ready to line up with Argentina and the Soviet Union in opposing continuation of the working group on "disappearances" of people opposed to a regime. A consensus compromise, in which the working group continues but with a somewhat diminished mandate, spared the United States

The Sherrod Library
MAR 17 1981 EAST TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

having to vote on the question. Even so, the attitude the United States displayed toward human rights in Argentina, as we pointed out last week [see editorial, "Lefever Strikes"], seemed to us to be a factor in the arrests.

Senator Moynihan said some very important things in his speech denouncing the arrests in Argentina. Noting the line that Reagan Administration foreign-policy spokesmen have attempted to draw between totalitarian (i.e., left) and authoritarian (i.e., right) regimes, Moynihan said that "the United States must stand in firm opposition to both; if we do not, our opposition to one of them alone will matter little." He went on to quote approvingly the statement by Robert Bernstein of the United States Helsinki Watch Committee at the time of the arrests in Argentina: "I don't see how United States protests over Soviet violations can be taken in good faith if the Administration is silent over violations against people whose only goal is to protect human rights."

Senator Moynihan also had some words for Lefever, saying, "He is hardly correct that we and other states have no legitimate interest in the fortune of liberty elsewhere," and calling for a rejection of the approach "with which Mr. Lefever has been associated." We hope that this statement will be heeded in the United States as Moynihan's statement seems to have been heeded in Argentina. And, while we expect that we will continue to criticize Senator Moynihan sharply on many other matters, we applaud him for his statement on American human-rights policy and Argentina.

Legal Disservice

It comes as no surprise that Ronald Reagan wants to kill the Legal Services Corporation, which provides Federally funded legal aid for the poor. As Governor of California, he seemed to regard a similar program, California Rural Legal Assistance, as public enemy number one. [See Stephen Gillers, "Repeal by Indirection," *The Nation,* December 27, 1980.]

Lest there be any doubt, this Reagan attack has nothing to do with eliminating waste. Enacted at the same time as Medicaid, the Legal Services Corporation spends only about 1 percent as much. Its expenditures do not line lawyers' pockets the way that Medicaid has enriched the health-care industry. There is probably less waste in it than in just about any other Federal activity. What bothers Reagan and the Reaganites is exactly the opposite: the legal services program works very well for very little money. It helps the poor actually exercise rights—in divorce proceedings, in dealings with bullying landlords and unscrupulous creditors and in their relations with remote government bureaucracies—to which the laws say they are entitled.

Richard Nixon also tried to jettison the project. One reason he failed was that the organized bar rallied to the program's defense. Reagan's attack is more sweeping and more dangerous, both because the national mood is so ugly right now and because the legal services program could easily get swept away in the avalanche of budget cutting. Lawyers will have to make a far stronger fight than they did in Nixon's time. In addition, the program needs support from organized labor, organized charities and other constituencies with political clout. Even if such support is forthcoming, the battle will be a hard one, its outcome uncertain. But if the legal services program does survive this attack more or less intact, its permanence will probably be assured. If not, we will be back to the system of trickle-down justice for the poor, which means little or none.

Charles's Angel

If you can imagine being force-fed a whole box of mint chocolate creams, you can catch a whiff of the intoxicating atmosphere that is England today. There is something about all royal events which leaves a cloying taste. But a royal romance is something quite else again. Overnight, the national press dissolves into a swamp of schmaltz. The BBC newsreaders adopt an unctuous tone and set their faces into a permanent smirk. Party leaders vie with one another in loyalty contests, and the groveling Olympiad is usually won by Labor. Babes are taught to lisp a new name, and what name could come more trippingly than Lady Diana Spencer?

Lady Diana was 16 years of age when she first caught the eye of the Prince of Wales (a fact which might trouble mothers of other boys of 32, but has not creased the brow of Elizabeth Windsor). She then survived a barrage of media attention, and passed the crucial test. Not to be too finicky about it, no callow youth could be found to say that he had bedded her. This was in bold contrast to Prince Charles's earlier escorts who, if they could not be said to be the nation's sweetheart, could at least claim to have been the sweetheart of a noticeable proportion of its adult male population.

Gone were the speculations about scandal. Lady Diana's father swore publicly that she was intact. Another relative, Lord Fermoy, told the press, "I can assure you she's never had a lover." Britain has never been specially fussy about pucelage, but virginity has now become a crucial issue. The whole thing might have been scripted by Lady Diana's stepgrandmother Barbara Cartland, queen of romantic fiction, one of whose many tear-stained best sellers was entitled *Bride to the King*.

As well as having reached 19 without yielding, Lady Diana has been recommended on the ground of her breeding. She descends from the Stuarts on both sides of her line (if we allow for the interruption of King Charles's head) and has almost as good a claim to the throne as Prince Charles himself. She is a seventh cousin of Humphrey Bogart and (by marriage) an eighth cousin of Rudolph Valentino.

Her pedigree, then, is impeccable. And pedigree may be the word—the poor girl has been advertised as if she were a milch cow. One close family friend told the press about her first proper meeting with the heir to the throne: "She taught him to tap dance on the terrace. He thought she was adorable. Who wouldn't? It was rather like being given

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a puppy, full of vitality and terribly sweet."

Indeed. There was a time when Prince Charles was being urged to strike out, to marry a girl from the Commonwealth, to found or enrich a line that in some fashion would keep the monarchy abreast of the century. Instead, he has opted for a girl nearly half his age, who was born on one of the royal estates, who has never passed an examination at any of her many schools, who has never emerged from the warm bath of snobbery in which the English upper crust marinate their offspring and who giggles when referred to as a puppy or a brood mare. One searches for ways to brighten up this picture. I can think of two. By the time the wedding bells ring out, there will be three million unemployed people in Britain who will badly need a splash of color in their lives. And my old chum her stepbrother has, after a long wait, finally and suddenly succeeded in raising a loan from his bank. CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Foreign Exchange

Christopher Hitchens, a frequent contributor to *The Nation*, though usually on soberer matters than royal weddings, joins our masthead this week as visiting associate editor. The "visiting" qualifier results from a unique trans-Atlantic swap, whereby Hitchens, who is foreign editor of the *New Statesman*, will be working here for the next few months while our regular associate editor, Kai Bird, fills Hitchens's chair in London. . . . We are also pleased to announce that Gore Vidal, prolific and witty novelist, essayist, electronic polemicist and, on occasion, politician, is joining us as contributing editor, based on the West Coast. Vidal's new novel, *Creation*, is reviewed on page 343 (note: the opinions of our reviewers do not always reflect the views of the editors—particularly when the book reviewed is by one of the latter); he is also author of *Kalki*, *1876*, *Burr*, *Myra Breckenridge*, *Washington, D.C.*, *Julian*, *The City and the Pillar* and many other books, plays and television dramas. According to *Time* magazine, when Vidal's first novel, *Williwaw*, was published in 1946, he was "heralded as a prodigy of American letters." He has maintained, and indeed improved upon, that status in the ensuing years. . . . Finally, Elena Brunet, who joined us as an intern, has been appointed assistant literary editor.

Energy Week Inc.

This week is American Energy Week. What is American Energy Week? Glad you asked. There's more to it than meets the eye. It is an ambitious national education program masterminded by a diverse group of American energy executives; its aim is to arouse and alarm a lethargic and cynical public and mobilize it to demand the industry's favorite cure for America's excessive dependence on foreign oil—drastically increased production of nuclear power, coal, domestic oil and natural gas and other U.S. energy resources. To this end, its red, white and blue promotional literature calls upon Americans to sign a "Declaration of Energy Independence." As if that weren't enough, the sponsors proclaim American Energy Week a "people's initiative." This is a fraud.

American Energy Week is, by executive director Jack Betts's own admission, a spinoff of the Committee for Energy Awareness (C.E.A.), a front group established by the nuclear industry shortly after the accident at Three Mile Island. The C.E.A. has spent approximately $10 million over the last two years trying to transform the greatest public relations disaster in the history of nuclear energy into a triumph.

According to Betts (who is a past C.E.A. executive director), start-up funds for American Energy Week were donated by the nuclear industry's three main public affairs outfits: C.E.A., the Atomic Industrial Forum and the Edison Electric Institute (an investor-owned utility trade association). To make future corporate contributions tax-deductible, American Energy Week was incorporated as a nonprofit organization. The fund-raising strategy was a model of simplicity. "We figured out which cities had the biggest clusters of *Fortune* 500 company headquarters, and then we planned fund-raising lunches for those cities," explains Ellen Lepper, public relations consultant. Adds Betts: "We'd get a chief executive officer of a major company who was interested in our subject to host the luncheon, and he'd invite the various other leading companies in the city to attend."

Because it has become such a big production, American Energy Week has not gone completely unnoticed by opposition groups. The Safe Energy Communications Council, a Washington-based coalition of national environmental groups formed in 1980 to counter the Committee for Energy Awareness, sent out a 15,000-piece mailing suggesting possible tactics and strategies for countering A.E.W. activities. The United Mine Workers, along with the auto workers, longshoremen, machinists, chemical workers and four other international unions, as well as such major environmental groups as the Sierra Club and Friends of the Earth, are sponsoring a march and demonstration in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, on March 28, the second anniversary of the T.M.I. accident, to oppose nuclear power and demand full employment [see Letters, p. 322]. At the press conference announcing the march, Joe Jurczak of the U.M.W. charged that "American Energy Week is really nothing more than a scheme for manipulating the public to uncritically accept nuclear power and all the other inflated profit schemes of the energy industry. It should be called American Big Profits Week. The corporations will have the week of March 15 to 21. Working people and all those concerned with safe energy will have March 28." MARK HERTSGAARD

Mark Hertsgaard, who is with the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington, D.C., is writing a book about the American nuclear power industry.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VARIATIONS.

CALVIN TRILLIN

I was standing in a supermarket checkout line not long ago when I thought of a new Country & Western single: "It's No Wonder Your Hair's Always in Curlers 'Cause You've Never Been Straight With Me." It just came to me. A lot of Country & Western songs had been coming to me. I thought I knew where they came from: The tipoff was that they were, without exception, dreadful Country & Western songs. Once, I had made up a character in a book who thought up truly awful Country & Western songs—Duane Minnick, a gas-station attendant who wrote "The Coveralls I Wear May Be Green But I'm the Bluest Car Mechanic You Ever Seen" and "I'm Just a Loaner While You Wait for the Two-Door Hardtop of Your Dreams" ("You used to be here, but right now you're there./ You done left me for chrome and factory air"). I figured that for reasons I couldn't imagine—my behavior since the book had been impeccable—Minnick had come back to live inside me, like some sullen grease-stained dybbuk. There was a time when seeing a lot of women wearing curlers at the supermarket would have just made me think that maybe we were in for a prom, or maybe the President had asked everyone to wear curlers until the Japanese quit dumping color television sets on the American market. It was the presence of Minnick, I figured, that caused the sight to put lyrics in my head:

> You can't hear me 'cause you're still under the dryer.
> So I'm saying that you're nothing but a frizzy-haired liar.
> Some day, when you're standing there combing it out,
> I'm going to put down my own blow-dryer and shout,
> "It's no wonder your hair's always in curlers 'cause you've never been straight with me."

For a while, I thought the songs were brought on by being in what might be considered country music settings—what New York social scientists refer to in their monographs as "places where you find a lot of schleppers." After all, I had been in an electronic games arcade when I wrote "You Shot Me Down in the Electronic Game of Life":

> You tell me you found another and you wouldn't trade her
> For two hundred points on Space Invaders.
> It's all so cruel; it's so downright mean.
> I'm nothing but a blip on your Hatari machine.

Then, I happened to be watching the television coverage of a Senate hearing held to determine whether President Reagan's nominee for Deputy Secretary of State knew less about foreign policy than President Reagan's nominee for Secretary of Energy knew about energy. According to my information, these hearings took place in order to settle some betting on the subject that had been going on in the Senate cloakroom, back behind the windbreakers. The winners, by the way, turned out to be the Senators who had put their money on the unalloyed ignorance of the new man at State: the Energy Secretary, a dental surgeon before he entered politics, marred an otherwise perfect record by informing the Senators of the precise energy costs involved in the simple removal of an abscess from the gum.

When the man nominated to be Deputy Secretary of State was asked some question to test his knowledge of world affairs—as I remember, he was asked whether the monarch of the United Kingdom is Queen Elizabeth II or the Baal Shem Tov—he knit his brow in concentration, and I, instead of blurting out the answer in order to impress my children, found myself singing a C&W single called "I Was Your Double-Knit Lover But We're Both Single Again":

> You used to say you'd never seen nothing quite so cute
> As me in my salmon-pink leisure suit.
> And now you leave my heart to dry up and crack and fester.
> To you, I'm just a used-up old pile of polyester.
> I was your double-knit lover, but we're both single again.

Could it really have been, I asked myself, that "double-knit" came from watching the future administrator of the State Department knit his brow? That would have been a pretty subtle play on words for an ignorant grease monkey like Duane Minnick. Would alliteration come next? Could it be that in addition to my other worries—the bomb, inflation, the possibility that the Reagan Administration would retaliate in some way for my suggestion that Mrs. Reagan trade one of her ballgowns for the Federal hot-lunch program—I had to worry about a sneak attack of cowboy onomatopoeia from within? As Minnick himself might say, "It don't seem right." As I thought that thought, I could hear the words of a C&W tune called "With All This Talk on Human Rights, Why Is It You're Still Torturing Me?":

> Sure, it ain't right that them South American generals make some folks disappear.
> But it's nothing compared to the flat-out suffering that's goin' on right here.
> And the folks who disappear ain't nothin' but foreigners anyway,
> Which is why you ought to listen when I say,
> "With all this talk on human rights, why is it you're still torturing me?"

I had to face facts: That nitwit Duane Minnick might be a part of the swing to the right. Sure enough, a song came to me with the title "I'll Be Your Supply Side, Baby, If You'll Just Invest in Me." Supply side? Wait a minute! Minnick wouldn't know from supply side. Who's in there anyway—Duane Minnick or David A. Stockman? If Stockman's in there, I realized, he could be followed by Donald Regan ("He's Feeding You All That Bull, Honey, 'Cause He Wants to Get Bearish With You"). The dentist wouldn't be far behind. I began to soften my view of Duane Minnick. Sure, Duane has his faults, but as an example of the solid American yeoman class he strikes me as . . .

> You bowled a strike when it came to me,
> But now we're split, and I can see

Duane! Pure Duane! I listened with relief:

> You used me as a spare, though it really wasn't fair
> Then you told me as you left me at the door
> That I ain't bowlin' in your bowlin' league no more.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTICLES.

JUST HAVE FAITH

Creationism's Second Coming

ALAN WOLFE

Fundamentalists, it would seem, are exempt from the oft-repeated generalization that Americans have no historical memory. You and I might have thought that Clarence Darrow successfully defended the theory of evolution at the Scopes trial in Tennessee against William Jennings Bryan's biblical literalism, but we underestimated how long faith can live on in the minds of those disposed to believe. Creationism is back now, packaged as science and complete with direct mail, slide shows, large sources of funds, sophisticated leadership and all the force that moral authority can grant in an increasingly immoral society.

This is no revolt of the rednecks, and woe to those who think it is. Leaders in the movement are trained engineers and scientists. Their audience does not populate the hill country of Arkansas but lives in affluent California and Texas suburbs. Their initiative has drawn a favorable response across the nation. California has rewritten its textbooks, for example by taking the italicized words out of the following sentence: "Slowly, *over millions of years*, the dinosaurs died out." States that now provide equal time for the theory of biblical creation in schools include Wisconsin and Missouri. New York's head of curriculum development has said: "When someone says there are problems with the theory of evolution, we listen." At a time when more Americans than ever can buy pocket computers, faith in divine authority is making a comeback.

As the makers of *Inherit the Wind*—the play and movie based on the Scopes trial—realized, the controversy between creationist thinking and evolutionary thinking has all the elements of popular drama. Creationists think of themselves as defenders of the faith, preserving the old verities against the sins of a fickle world, while their scientific critics are disposed to think of themselves as believers in truth, fighting back the forces of ignorance. Reality, however, is not like the dramatic confrontation between Fredric March and Spencer Tracy in the film. There is science in the faith of the creationists and faith in the science of the evolutionists.

The creationists also saw *Inherit the Wind*, and are not about to make themselves vulnerable to the charge of being superstitious zealots. This time they offer their faith in the guise of the devil: as science. They have a professional society stacked with Ph.D.s. The *Creation Research Quarterly* is as exciting to read as any scientific journal in any field. Operating out of the Institute for Creation Research, the Bible Science Association and the Creation Science Research Center, the advocates of divine origin claim that their theory deserves to be on an equal footing with evolutionary thought "because both are theories that are unverifiable," to quote one of their leading "scientists." By adopting the mantle of science, the creationists hope to win respectability, but all they have accomplished is to gain legitimacy for the scientific method they despise. For what better testimony to the power of science as a world vision than the fact that those who claim to be agnostics about its truth should draw upon it for their inspiration?

Yet the scientific process is not as exact and neutral as its defenders make it out to be. One has to be impressed, of course, with those pencil pushers who claimed that they would be able to blow up Hiroshima, and did; but, in part because of their very success, an unjustified faith in science's infallibility grew up. Scientists have not made nuclear energy safe, nor have they cured the diseases that are induced by the way we do business. And in the field of evolution, there are unanswered questions, especially concerning the findings of paleontologists. In the twentieth century, science has become something of a religion, a world view that explains and structures phenomena that are beyond ordinary perception, like atoms and galaxies.

The more sophisticated among us are constantly amazed that in a highly technological, science-based, modernized country like the United States, outbursts of seemingly superstitious belief should be so frequent. Perhaps America is not as modern as generally supposed. After all, any society that can take supply-side economic theory seriously must have a most peculiar conception of science.

The dispute between creationists and evolutionists, indeed, has much in common with the recent debate over economic theory. Supply-side theory holds that tax cuts will liberate energies hidden in the economy. When workers have more income, the theory claims, they will work harder. When businessmen are taxed at a less oppressive rate, they will be stimulated to invest, bringing about higher productivity, growth and even, in the view of Prof. Arthur Laffer, higher tax returns to government as well. There is about as much scientific evidence to support this view as there is for the big-bang theory of the creation of the universe. (An economist friend of mine, when asked to comment on this point, felt that there was less.)

While serving as a staff member to the Council of Economic Advisers, Laffer predicted an increase in the gross national product following an easing of controls on the money supply. When events settled, he was wrong by $20 billion. In his home state, California, the cut in taxes brought about by Proposition 13 engendered fewer new private sector jobs in the year after the tax cut than had been created in the year before the tax cut. Moreover, in June 1978, Laffer predicted that a huge increase in personal income would be brought about by Proposition 13. The gains produced were so unspectacular that *Business Week* concluded the Laffer Curve had "flunked" a major empirical

Alan Wolfe is a member of The Nation*'s Editorial Board.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

test. And if one looks at other countries, with the exception of Japan, high taxes and high productivity go hand in hand. None of Laffer's arguments have been fed into a computer and emerged as convincing cases, and even among conservatives his ideas are considered laughable. Yet influential men like the President of the United States, a man who has also expressed his support for creationism, seem determined to base policies affecting millions upon a theory for which no hard evidence can be advanced.

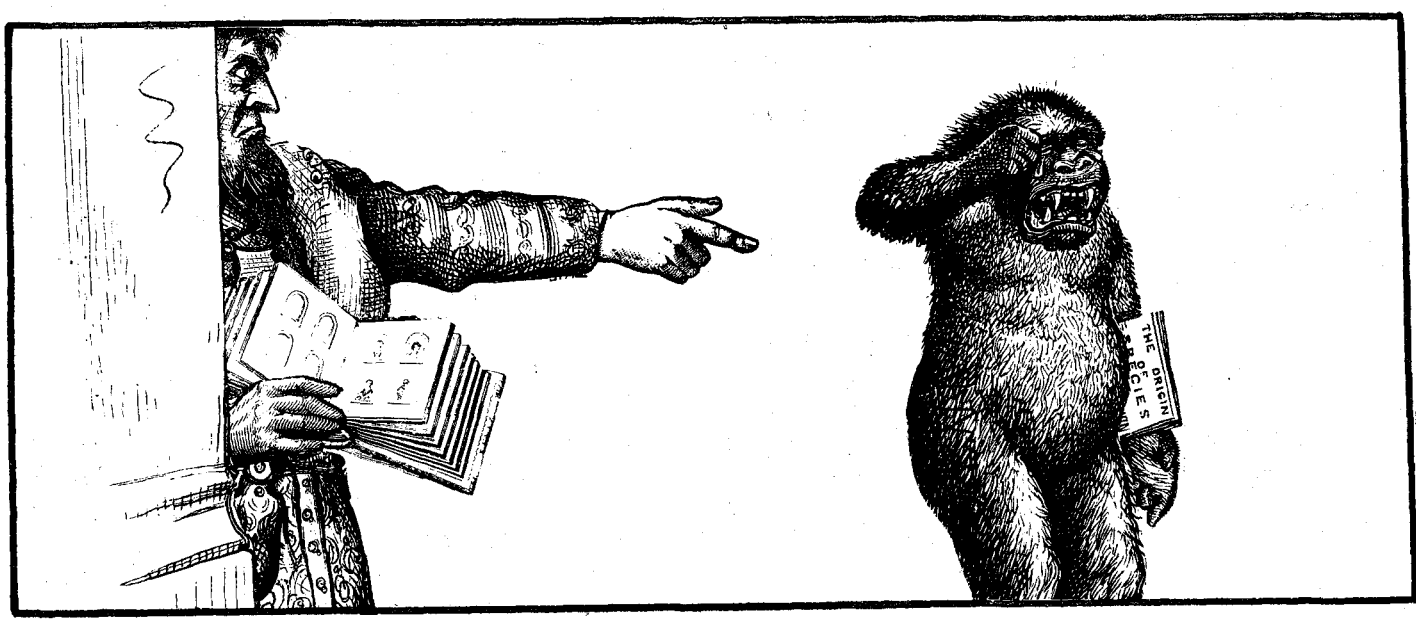
In essence, the supply-siders make the same main argument as do the creationists. Just as the latter, in their "scientific" pursuits, are not making a case *for* creationism but *against* evolution, Laffer and his friends are really attacking Keynesianism, not advancing a theory of their own. Since there is no hard evidence for *any* economic theory, they claim an untested one like supply-side economics has as much going for it as any other. Ultimately, preference for one economic theory over another, to the supply-siders, is a theological matter, as one of the leading advocates of the new persuasion, George Gilder, has testified: "Faith in man, faith in the future, faith in the rising returns of giving, faith in the mutual benefits of trade, faith in the providence of God are all essential to successful capitalism." Faith is so important to Gilder that, as a recent "Talk of the Town" piece in *The New Yorker* noted, he is apparently something of a psychic healer.

Both supply-side economics and creationism can be taken seriously in the United States because there was much that was problematic in the world view they opposed. With the exception of a few remarkable men like Lewis Thomas and Stephen Jay Gould, scientists have taken few pains to explain their work to the American people. Hiding behind a tyranny of method, contemptuous of the public they were serving, scientists never defined clearly what could be expected from them and what could not. By their elitism, scientists opened the door of popular success for men like the creationists. "Theology, to me, is an exact science," the Rev. Jerry Falwell stated during the course of his recent *Penthouse* interview. By not defining clearly their mission, scientists allowed Falwell to do it for them.

Similarly, supply-side economics cannot be dismissed as the lunacy that it is because of the weakness of its Keynesian opposition. As a theory of economic activity, Keynesianism had a certain integrity, but for the sake of political expedience, American Keynesians continuously compromised with their theory in order to hold political power in a business-dominated society. Keynesianism became so watered down and innocuous that even Richard Nixon could pronounce himself an adherent of its tenets. (If Falwell can be a scientist, then Nixon can be a Keynesian.)

In few other areas of human knowledge was the oversell of technique greater than in economics. Watching in amazement the postwar wave of prosperity, economists claimed responsibility for the good times, proof positive that there was scientific validity to their notions about "fine tuning" and "aggregate demand." The postwar growth period was the atomic bomb of the economics profession, the dramatic demonstration that they possessed the secrets of the universe. (Maybe that is why they called it a boom.) In reality, they had no such secrets. By claiming success for events that were beyond their control, American Keynesians opened themselves up for criticism when events changed. Supply-side theory is something of a natural reaction to the hubris of the economics that is now discredited.

As explanations of the world in which we live, both creationism and supply-side theory are absurd. The success of both represents a failure of human intelligence and rationality. Each can obtain a following because we live in a huckster culture in which anything, even nonsense, can be sold, and at a fairly high price. Yet by politicizing the search for knowledge, advocates of both are doing us a favor. Science is a means, not an end. In our approach to the physical world, as in our thoughts about economic growth, we need to ask, over and over, the question: knowledge for what? When we do so, we can begin to construct a world that will be less vulnerable to shysters trying to pass off a distorted and stultifying view of the world as either science or faith. □



DRAWINGS BY J-C SUARÈS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IRAN'S STOLEN REVOLUTION

Anti-Imperialism Of Fools

FRED HALLIDAY

One of the strongest attacks to date upon the policies of Ayatollah Khomeini's Government has come from the leader of the Kurdish Democratic Party (K.D.P.), Abdur Rahman Qassemlu, who was prominent in the anti-Shah movement. In a recent interview, Qassemlu, who after a year in hiding in the Kurdish mountains was on a temporary visit to Europe, denounced what he calls "the dictatorship of the Shiite clergy" in Iran. "All the peoples of Iran made the revolution," Qassemlu told me, "but the clergy have confiscated it."

According to the Kurdish leader, Iranian planes and artillery have been attacking Kurdish towns since early February and up to 10,000 Kurds may have died since Khomeini came to power two years ago. But because of a ban on travel to the area and because of the greater visibility of the Iran-Iraq war, the fighting in the Kurdish mountains, which is as fierce as the war with Iraq, goes on largely unnoticed by the world. In Qassemlu's view, the Teheran Government's first priority is defeating the Kurds in a secret and bloody war; then it will turn its full attention to Iraq.

Qassemlu spent many years in exile under the Shah. He was for a time a lecturer in economics at the King Charles University in Prague. A supporter of Alexander Dubcek's experiment in democratic socialism, he was expelled when the Russians invaded in 1968. He spent his exile in Paris, returning to Iran four months before the fall of the Shah.

He insists that the Kurds do not want secession, and brands as false charges that the K.D.P. is receiving support from Iraq. "We want an autonomous Kurdish region within Iran," he said. "Defense, long-term planning and foreign affairs should be the responsibility of the central government. We want control of local security and local affairs, and for Kurds to have equal status with Persians in the legal and educational institutions of the Kurdish region."

Qassemlu claims that the Teheran Government has never carried out serious negotiations with the Kurds. President Abolhassan Bani-Sadr did, on several occasions, express sympathy with Kurdish demands, and Qassemlu says he worked out an agreement with one Ayatollah on a form of "Islamic autonomy" for the Kurds. But harder hearts were at work in Teheran: a three-month war in 1979 was followed by fitful negotiations. Then a much more serious conflict broke out in February 1980. "The Iranians attacked us long before the Iraqis attacked them," Qassemlu charges. "We are quite prepared to fight the Iraqis if our demands are met. Otherwise we have no option but to fight on against the Iranians. If we lay down our arms we shall be massacred."

One of the many problems the Iranians have to face is a national penchant for branding all dissidents, especially those of a different ethnic group, as agents of a foreign power. Historical causes, or something inherent in the "Persian character," do not explain why these conspiracy theories are rife in Iran today. As in other Third World countries, the prevalence of this kind of demonological outlook reflects an objective fact, namely the domination of these countries by outside powers for many years.

This tendency to dramatize and distort political issues so that a foreign hand is always seen to be present also lay behind the way the Iranians mishandled the hostage crisis. The drawn-out affair was supposed to lead to greater freedom for Iran. But as anyone, including Qassemlu, can plainly see, it led to no such thing: Iran got back only $2.9 billion of its $11 billion in frozen assets; the door was opened to the Iraqi invasion; and Iran's prestige suffered around the world. If anti-Semitism can be called "the socialism of fools," because it seeks a false solution to a real problem (of class oppression) and shifts blame from the people who are responsible, Iran's seizure of the hostages can be called "the anti-imperialism of fools," for it was a delusory combat in which the United States was not seriously weakened. The end result of the hostage crisis was to weaken the revolution and leave the fanatical clergy more firmly in command. Ironically, it is a Persian Moslem faction, the People's Mujahedeen, who have taken the initiative in bringing home this point to the Iranian populace.

The Mujahedeen were born as a small guerrilla band opposing the Shah. Their ideology is based on quotations from the Koran to which they gave a socialistic interpretation. "Very soon the oppressors will know how they are going to be punished," they say, quoting the Prophet Mohammed's account of God's word. But whereas large sections of the secular left, particularly the pro-Soviet Tudeh Party and its ally, the Majority of the Fedayeen, support Khomeini, the religiously oriented Mujahedeen espouse a critical line. They support the Kurds and denounce torture in the jails of the new regime. Their leader, Massoud Rajavi, is in hiding, as many as 1,000 of their followers have been jailed for selling the party newspaper and another of their leaders, Mohammed Saadati, is about to be tried a second time for allegedly spying for the U.S.S.R.

Yet the Mujahedeen are believed to have considerable strength in the more secular parts of the country—Teheran, the Caspian provinces, Azerbaijan and Khuzistan in the south. Their illegal newspaper is said to have a circulation of more than 200,000. A recent issue denounces the "Islamic cultural revolution" now being perpetrated by the mullahs: "Under the guise of purging the counterrevolutionary and tyrannical elements, the authorities execute progressive elements or throw them out of their jobs. They have

Fred Halliday is a fellow of the Transnational Institute, Amsterdam, and an editorial associate of New Left Review *and* MERIP Reports. *He is the author of* Arabia Without Sultans: A Political Survey of Instability in the Arab World *(Vintage Books) and* Iran: Dictatorship and Development *(Penguin). He is a regular contributor to* The Nation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

created an atmosphere of repression, dictatorship and inquisition in the educational establishments that reminds us of the reactionary policies of the Middle Ages."

The Mujahedeen fear that a civil war will break out soon, at a time when the conservative religious forces have the upper hand. They feel, however, that as long as Khomeini is alive he will try to keep some balance within the regime, denouncing the left one day and then excoriating a selected few mullahs the next. What their opposition highlights, as does that of the Kurds, is the falseness of the "authentic" values which the mullahs claim to represent and the hollowness of the "anti-imperialism" which Khomeini's regime proclaims.

Khomeini ceaselessly preaches the message that he stands for pure Iranian and Islamic values against the alien, corrupt and foreign values of the Westernized elite. But Iran was never a country with a homogenous Islamic culture. It has pre-Islamic values and traditions, and a great degree of ethnic diversity within it. The lyrical poems of Hafez and Saadi, written at the high-water mark of Persian culture in the fourteenth century, are just as Iranian as the dour puritanism of today. As the Mujahedeen show, even within Islam there are many trends, political and cultural, which the orthodoxy of the present regime is seeking to expunge. Under the guise of elevating indigenous values over alien ones, and by invoking anti-imperialism, the Khomeini forces are trying to impose their narrow set of values on a culture which has long been heterogeneous. And there are some Iranians who point out ruefully that nothing is more alien than the Bedouin religion which the Arabs imposed on the country in 642 A.D.

No one has felt this cultural impoverishment more than the Iranian writers who fought the Shah's regime so forcefully. On the second anniversary of the revolution a group of thirty-eight writers from the anti-Shah resistance issued a statement denouncing the "new tyranny" of the Khomeini Government. Former Premier Mehdi Bazargan recently decried the increased use of torture. The other night I had a telephone call from a friend of mine in Teheran, a writer who had been imprisoned by the Shah and with whom I had stood on anti-Shah platforms. He told me he could no longer publish anything in Iran. He and his wife had been arbitrarily held by the Islamic Guards for more than a week and had nearly been executed. "It is terrible here," he insisted. His was one of the "poisonous pens" that Khomeini set out to silence.

I asked Qassemlu what future he saw for Iran. "There are three possibilities," he said. "The progressive and democratic forces can prevail, once the Islamic regime becomes weaker. Or the Americans can come back, and impose their friends again. Or there will be civil war."

The great powers, of course, have their interest in this matter too. The United States is waiting, hoping for a chance to win back some or all of the influence it had under the Shah. U.S. strategists see Iran as the geopolitical prize of the 1980s. The Russians are trying to ingratiate themselves with the Islamic Government, staying silent on the repression of the Kurds and groveling to the inflated self-image of the mullahs. Their claim that the U.S. hostages had been brainwashed revealed a desire to keep on Teheran's good side at almost any price, although the charge also served as counter-propaganda to the many lies U.S. officials have circulated about the Soviet intervention in Afghanistan. One of the main reasons the Iranians made their revolution was to rid the country of foreign influence: it would appear that the "anti-imperialism of fools" brings that goal no nearer. □

J.P. STEVENS CONTRACT

A Step Forward, Two Steps Back

ED McCONVILLE

Last October's settlement between J. P. Stevens and Co. and the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union (A.C.T.W.U.) has been hailed by the labor movement and much of the press as a historic breakthrough in a hundred-year struggle to organize Southern textile workers. In fact, it represents the union's tacit recognition that it has failed and signals the end of the seventeen-year campaign to organize one of the most stubbornly anti-union firms in America.

Over that span, the union and the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Industrial Union Department spent at least $30 million, by far the largest amount ever expended on a campaign directed at a single employer. The settlement is a tribute to the sheer tenacity of the union's officers, organizers and members, some of whom made the kind of extreme personal sacrifices usually reserved for wartime. [See McConville, "Why Sol Stetin Stepped Down," *The Nation*, December 10, 1977.] But it is not a victory.

In return for union contracts covering about 3,500 workers, the first contracts signed by Stevens since it moved South after World War II, A.C.T.W.U. made concessions which all but guarantee that the remaining 92 percent of the textile chain's production work force will not be organized. The price of the contracts, which cover ten plants where the union had already won legal recognition, was a company-wide settlement requiring the union to relinquish the innovative weapons which made its limited victories over the nation's second-largest textile corporation possible. It agreed to end its nationwide boycott of Stevens products, a legal and public relations campaign of unprecedented breadth and sophistication and a "Corporate Campaign" that used union pension funds and the threat of costly, embarrassing stockholders' fights to isolate Stevens from the rest of the American business community.

When the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, which holds 43 percent of J. P. Stevens's long-term debt, was faced

Ed McConville writes about labor relations in the South for The Washington Post *and other publications. He has been a* Nation *contributor since 1973.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with a $7 million proxy fight inspired by A.C.T.W.U. last fall, its chairman of the board, Richard Shinn, met with Stevens's board chairman, Whitney Stevens, for "an exchange of information" on the status of the textile firm's negotiations with the union. Whatever was said at the meeting, it apparently convinced Stevens to end a six-year stalemate at the bargaining table in Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina (the workers' vote for union representation at this plant inspired the Academy Award-winning film *Norma Rae*). Under the agreement, the union can no longer attempt to restrict the company's credit or damage its relationships with other business or financial institutions in any way.

Years of tedious litigation had spotlighted Stevens as America's most notorious labor-law violator and, by the late 1970s, seriously limited the company's freedom of action in fighting the union. One National Labor Relations Board order gave A.C.T.W.U. organizers unprecedented access to unorganized workers on the job. Their ability to speak with Stevens workers in the plant during breaks and lunch periods, to be present during the company's anti-union speeches and to deliver their own pro-union addresses in the plant on company time proved more than a technicality in the tense organizing campaigns at Stevens. The union lost eleven of the twelve representation elections it entered without the benefit of this extraordinary access; it won both contests where it enjoyed it. Yet A.C.T.W.U. gave up these and other court-ordered organizing advantages in its settlement with the company.

The union also dropped a $12 million industrial espionage suit in Milledgeville, Georgia, in which victory seemed assured. Sworn statements had been obtained from police, public officials and other employers admitting that they had conspired with Stevens to spy on union activities. [See McConville, "Dirty Tricks Down South," *The Nation*, February 9, 1980.]

The union agreed to stop singling Stevens out as its "primary organizational target" in the Southern textile industry. This clause stipulates that the company will also lose its star status "with respect to unfavorable publicity." As one union official described this provision, "Our lawyers tell us we're not supposed to say anything bad about them."

The contracts in Roanoke Rapids and other, smaller plants around the South have been cited by A.C.T.W.U. and A.F.L.-C.I.O. officials as a "symbolic victory," which proves that companies like Stevens can be beaten. The contracts themselves, however, will not be strong selling points with Southern textile workers. They bring wages at the ten plants they cover only to the level of Stevens's seventy-one nonunion plants. One curious clause allows the company to determine fringe benefit improvements unilaterally, rather than negotiating them as part of the contract.

Thus, in any future organizing attempts, Stevens can tell its workers that union dues do not bring organized workers any more money than unorganized ones. The union's weak bargaining position made a stronger settlement out of the question, but the contracts provide little incentive for most millworkers to join the union. A.C.T.W.U. officials insist they will continue trying to organize Stevens workers, but they can hardly expect greater success in the future without the most effective weapons of the past.

The prospects at other Southern textile companies are no brighter. The much-publicized morale-boosting effect of the Stevens settlement was lost on workers at the Linn-Corriher Corporation in Landis, North Carolina, who voted against the union 71 percent to 29 percent in December and, apparently, on the 17,500 workers at Cannon Mills, where a campaign has bogged down short of an election. The country's largest textile corporation, Burlington Industries, has only two unionized plants and would scarcely make an easier target. About 12 percent of the South's 700,000 textile workers are organized, and it seems unlikely the percentage will increase substantially in the next decade.

The one technique the union has never quite mastered is organizing. It was forced to innovate with peripheral tactics, and ultimately to accept a debilitating settlement, because it never attracted enough members even to think about curtailing the company's production with a strike.

The old Textile Workers Union of America (T.W.U.A.) failed to win an election in the first eleven years of the Stevens drive. It scored the only major union victory of the seventeen-year campaign with its 1974 Roanoke Rapids triumph, prompting speculation that the South's largest industry was finally about to be organized. But the union still represented far too few workers to force Stevens to agree on a contract in Roanoke Rapids. It lost its next election, in 1975, and did not call for another one for nearly five years. The union's reluctance reflected a desire to avoid further embarrassing defeats.

The infusion of organizers and money when T.W.U.A. merged with the Amalgamated Clothing Workers in 1976 failed to produce any real breakthroughs. The new 500,000-member union spent $15 million in four years, winning elections at two small plants totaling some 260 workers in 1979 before pulling out of a larger contest when it became too close to call.

A.C.T.W.U. spent millions to win the endorsements of churches, college professors and political figures ranging from Jane Fonda to Frank Rizzo, but failed to win the hearts and minds of the group that mattered most. Southern millworkers never really accepted the union, even after it had forced Stevens to forgo its more intimidating unfair labor practices. The influx of blacks and young people into the industry never produced the groundswell of support union officials have been predicting since the mid-1960s. Traditional ways of thinking remain dominant in the mills.

"These people will pull out a Barlow knife and cut somebody in a bar for accidentally knocking over their drink," said organizer Mike Krivosh shortly after the merger in 1976, "but they won't say anything if the bossman cheats them out of a day's pay. It's an organizing issue down here if the boss doesn't speak to them. But they'll lose interest in the union as soon as he starts shootin' the shit with them again."

Millworkers' loyalty to their employers has diminished,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

however, as the small family companies that once dominated the region have been replaced by large, Northern-based corporations like Stevens. A.C.T.W.U. was unable to capitalize on this antipathy, however, because it, too, is a large, impersonal bureaucracy that treats people in a mechanistic manner that offends traditional Southern ways. Arbitrary decisions issuing from the union's New York headquarters sapped the morale of workers and organizers, whose staff union has gone on strike against the International several times since 1970.

The settlement gave A.C.T.W.U. a graceful way out of an expensive, unwinnable situation. The collective-bargaining contracts at Roanoke Rapids and a few other plants, which were once seen as springboards to further organizing victories at Stevens, became face-saving ends in themselves. Reliable sources indicate the union will probably shift its resources to attempts to organize apparel companies in the Southwest. The Southern textile industry will remain the stepchild of organized labor, an anti-union stronghold whose example poses an increasing threat to industrial democracy as more and more employers move to the Sun Belt. □

REPORT FROM MOZAMBIQUE

Revolution in The Village

JAMES NORTH

Cometela, Mozambique

The weeds in this drought-afflicted village are so brittle they crackle underfoot. The leaves on trees and bushes are stunted and shriveled. There is a teasing hint of moisture in the air which only serves to make the suffocating heat seem more oppressive; it has rained only occasionally in the last two years.

Cometela is 450 miles north of Maputo, the capital, in the interior of Inhambane Province. It is in the region most seriously affected by Mozambique's worst drought in a decade. Its 250 families are fortunate: they have a hand-driven pump that usually works. People living out in the surrounding bush must trudge up to twenty-five miles through the heat for water, carefully covering their buckets with leaves to avoid spilling a few precious drops on the sweltering return trip.

Cometela has no irrigation system. Seeds are planted, but they do not germinate because of the lack of moisture. To survive, families here gather dessicated fruits in the bush and send teen-agers armed with bows and arrows to hunt game. But the food that can be scrounged from nature is not enough. The village committee recently told visitors that people go up to a week without eating. "No one has died, but our people are weak," Cometela's secretary said.

James North is a freelance writer living in Swaziland.

The secretary, a man in his late 30s with the shy reserve of a peasant, explained that some emergency food aid does get through. But, he added in Portuguese, "*Nao chega.* It is not enough. The district sends us what it can, but many other zones are also affected."

About half of Mozambique's population of 12 million, mostly in the central and southern part of the country, are living amid drought conditions. Some 1.5 million people are suffering severely. A special investigation team from the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization recently estimated the country needs 290,000 tons of grain, 173,000 tons of it almost immediately. The Government promptly issued a dignified emergency request to the international community. It said, "Droughts, cyclones, floods and earthquakes are phenomena that affect people and countries all over the world. However, the effects felt in each case vary depending on the level of economic development attained: the effects being minimal in those countries that are highly developed while taking on calamity proportions in those as yet underdeveloped."

In Mozambique's case, Portuguese colonialism left behind a particularly crippling legacy that has worsened the effects of the drought. [See William Meyers, "The View From a Front-Line State," *The Nation*, March 17, 1979.] Colonial land and taxation policies converted the southern three provinces into a reservoir of labor for the gold and diamond mines of South Africa. Until 1976, more than 100,000 Mozambicans a year crossed the border on labor contracts; roughly a quarter of the working-age male population was away at any one time. Others did regular stints of *chibalo*, or forced labor, on colonial plantations in Mozambique itself. As a consequence of the loss of manpower, agriculture in places like Cometela stagnated or declined. Even in years with sufficient rainfall, the rural economy listed precariously close to crisis. After independence, South Africa sharply cut back the number of contract mine workers it accepted to less than 40,000 yearly, depriving the rural poor of a vital source of income. The stage was being set for disaster.

The Zimbabwean war brought the emergency even closer. In 1976, Mozambique courageously obeyed United Nations sanctions and closed its border with the landlocked Smith regime, losing a staggering amount of income from rail and port charges which, together with remittances from miners, had accounted for close to half of its foreign-exchange earnings. The West took the lead in promising massive aid, but only a trickle ever got here. Smith and his stand-in, Bishop Abel Muzorewa, then mounted steadily more serious military raids into Mozambique, savaging the country's fragile transport network. The Mugabe victory in Zimbabwe reduced the threat, but a right-wing commando group called the Mozambique Resistance Movement (M.R.M.), now funded and supplied by South Africa, remains active. (The Government recently charged that the M.R.M. also receives C.I.A. aid. The Agency was accused of abetting a South African commando raid in Maputo on January 30.)

Despite these and other critical problems, the vast majority of Mozambicans remain unshaken in their loyalty to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

revolutionary government led by Samora Machel and the Frelimo Party. Five years ago, they were the unwilling subjects of a brutal colonial state; today, they participate with increasing effect in government and party affairs. In some aspects of their lives, they have already seen dramatic improvement. In others, the foundations are being laid for eventual advances for which most are willing to push patiently.

Here in Cometela, the local government is composed of four *circulos* (circles), the leaders of which are popularly elected. The village committee which results then selects the secretary. Two mass organizations—one for women, the other for youth—are also functioning.

In the colonial era, the Portuguese ruled places like Cometela through *indunas*, or traditional leaders. Their major function was to collect taxes and carry out requisitions for forced labor. Villagers recalled that during the last drought the colonial administration made no relief effort. This time, the committee has set aside a thatched-roof hut to store the trickle of food supplies, and established an orderly rationing system to insure equal distribution. The secretary said proudly, "Now, we have *organization*."

Even after the drought emergency ends, Mozambique will need that kind of organization to confront the chronic crisis in the rural areas. Since independence, the foreign press has concentrated on conditions in Maputo, the elegant, Mediterranean-style capital. But close to 90 percent of the people live in the countryside, and it is here that the revolution's course will be decided.

In general terms, there were two forms of agriculture in the colonial period: small, individual peasant plots and large farms and plantations controlled by colonialists or foreign businesses. Neither method can continue. Peasant agriculture is dispersed and inefficient, while most of the colonialists and plantation overseers abandoned the country after independence. The revolutionary government is planning agricultural reform fully conscious that most rural Mozambicans will have to remain on the land. Even the most wildly optimistic hopes for industrialization will not provide enough jobs in the cities.

Two different strategies for rural transformation are being debated. Many of the old plantations and farms have been taken over by the Government and converted into state or collective farms. One plan calls for a similar consolidation of the peasant small-holdings. Proponents of the other policy, while not denying that large rural enterprises are valuable (they already exist anyway), would rather emphasize a smaller-scale system of cooperatives. "Communal villages" are slowly being established, to which the scattered peasants are attracted by the concentration of services—schools, water supplies and the like. Once peasants live together, they will be encouraged to work collectively, unleashing the currently stagnant rural productive power. The small-scale alternative is more likely to promote equality in the countryside; furthermore, it does not overly rely on expensive imported technology. Fortunately, neither strategy envisions any kind of forced collectivization.

In agriculture and in other areas, Mozambique is making a bold and sincere effort to grapple with a set of awesome problems that in varying form face the Third World. Some mistakes and false starts are inevitable, considering the wreckage left behind by colonialism. But the overall trend is highly auspicious.

The Carter Administration responded positively in its foreign-aid budget requests, but a new bill will come up for consideration in the current Congressional session. The knives are already out, and the expulsion of four U.S. Embassy officials by the Mozambique Government March 4 on charges that they were C.I.A. agents has probably provided the pretext conservatives need to ax the Carter aid requests.

Conservative opposition is based on the rather weary argument that Mozambique is a "Marxist state" and therefore a Soviet puppet. To be sure, Mozambique proclaims the Eastern countries to be its "natural allies," which is an understandable position considering they helped provide the weapons without which Frelimo could not have defeated colonialism and defended the country against the Rhodesians. Frelimo did not fight a grueling eleven-year war of liberation in order to sacrifice Mozambique's interests to a new set of colonialists.

Right-wing Congressional opponents of aid also say Mozambique denies human rights, a hypocritical allegation considering some of the biggest U.S. assistance recipients, and current anti-human-rights sentiments in the Reagan Administration. Yet there is some cause for concern. Over the past year and a half, military tribunals functioning in secret have ordered the execution of at least thirty-nine people convicted of participating in or helping a right-wing resistance movement. Others—probably several thousand, though many have already been released—are held in "re-education camps," in some cases for serious crimes, in others apparently for drunkenness and absenteeism. Visitors to the camps say they are impressive in their humaneness, but they still have some worrisome implications. The press is Government-controlled, and at times it uses an irritating hectoring style to promote official policy. Criticism of President Machel is definitely frowned upon. Though he is certainly a courageous and extremely impressive man there is a disturbing whiff of the personality cult about him.

These misgivings should not be ignored. But they must be taken in context. Mozambique has been in a continual state of war until early last year, and is still the victim of armed attack. To many people here, the judgments against members of the resistance movement are a precise equivalent of the Nuremberg trials. The exhortations are occasionally regrettable, but they are probably the inevitable accompaniment of a society with drastically limited resources that is struggling to transform itself. And the Frelimo Government undertakes and promotes a surprising degree of self-criticism.

The human-rights situation should also be considered together with the enormous accomplishments made since independence. Even though nine-tenths of the doctors left, the urban slum-dweller, and possibly the average peasant as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

well, already enjoy improved health care. In education, a considerable dent has been made in the 85 percent illiteracy rate that prevailed five years ago. Production councils in many factories promote a significant degree of workers' control. Mozambique's own culture is developing vigorously, after being ignored or repressed in the colonial period.

Arguably, though, revolutionary Mozambique's most impressive achievement is the astonishing near-total elimination of any form of racism. Frelimo took great pains during the war of liberation to identify the enemy as "colonialists," not as "whites." Only about one-tenth of the 230,000 whites who lived here during the colonial period have remained, but they have been accepted as full and equal citizens. Eight whites are in the Cabinet; one, Jacinto Veloso, is the Minister of Security. (During the war, Veloso, a man with a deceptively bland appearance, stole a Portuguese military airplane, flew it north to Tanzania and pronounced himself in favor of Frelimo.) The bitter racial division that existed until independence has been succeeded almost miraculously by a situation in which race is virtually ignored and people are uncomfortable even talking about it. In the continually turbulent southern African scene, this monumental change alone should be enough for Mozambique to merit assistance and encouragement from overseas.

Whatever the U.S. Congress does about aid, revolutionary Mozambique will still push forward. In places like Cometela, some of the changes are already visible. The village committee has constructed a smart new wooden municipal building and organized open-air literacy classes. Before taking leave of his visitors, the secretary, accompanied by other committee members, guided us through the dusty heat to the site of the village's latest project. Men, drenched in sweat, some of whom had not eaten for days, were building Cometela's first school. □

BANNING ANTINUKE PROTESTS

Legal Showdown At Shoreham

SUSAN JAFFE

If the Long Island Lighting Company can't convince its customers to like the Shoreham nuclear power plant it is building fifty-six miles east of New York City, perhaps a court order will do the trick. Lilco has endured several antinuclear demonstrations at Shoreham, and at January rate hearings before the Public Service Commission, energy consultants hired by the Shoreham Opponents Coalition argued that stopping Shoreham now would be cheaper and better for Long Island's economy than actually finishing the plant.

While Lilco awaits a decision from the P.S.C. on a large rate-hike request, including $34 million for Shoreham construction, the utility has filed a suit against antinuclear demonstrators who reappear at the Shoreham gates, it seems, every spring and fall to interrupt construction. Lilco wants a court order or permanent injunction against all demonstrations on or near the plant property, and is asking for $2 million in damages from members of the SHAD Alliance (Sound and Hudson against Atomic Development), a loose-knit, decentralized New York group that has organized earlier protests at Shoreham. (The group has no elected leaders, no voting process for decision making, no salaried staff and barely manages to pay its telephone bill.)

Lilco is the first utility in the country to seek both an injunction and money damages, arguing that antinuclear demonstrations infringe on the company's private property rights—which, it contends, supersede the First Amendment right to demonstrate. The Bill of Rights doesn't mention utility companies, Lilco's attorneys claim; the citizenry is protected only from the government (state, Federal and their agencies) but *not* private enterprise. Corporations have rights too. A Federal court judge has begun hearing the case, although Lilco has recently asked that the case be remanded to the state court in Riverhead, only a few miles from Shoreham. Wherever the case is ultimately decided, the future of nuclear power *and* the future of civil liberties on Long Island are at stake. The National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee is providing SHAD with the legal counsel of Rabinowitz, Boudin, Standard, Krinsky & Lieberman. The firm has defended several well-known dissenters, including Daniel Ellsberg and Dr. Benjamin Spock.

Without an injunction, there is little hope for Lilco that the protests will let up. In 1979, 617 people were arrested after they climbed the fences around Shoreham to stop construction; trespass charges were later dropped. Last fall, 168 defied a temporary injunction and were arrested for blocking entrances to the plant; most were released on personal recognizance pending trial, but no date has been set. The opposition started with demonstrations four years ago, but then grew and diversified as activists became more creative. The P.S.C. testimony is only one of several antinuclear strategies. Long Island activists are also intervening in Shoreham's operating license hearings, presenting anti-Shoreham resolutions at stockholders' meetings, investigating a public takeover of Lilco and starting an energy cooperative selling oil at wholesale prices (its bumperstickers read, "Co-op Lilco").

Lilco's public relations specialists know that all this activity began years ago with demonstrations, where people met one another. At frequent rallies, the protest against Lilco takes on a human dimension: here is the kid next door, the local parish priest, a doctor, a teacher, a secretary, an engineer, a printer, a mother of five. People who are still unsure may decide that the Shoreham opponents are sensible people, with whom they might agree. Recognizing that the demonstrations can sway public opinion against the utility—and inspire other forms of protest—Lilco wants them stopped.

Susan Jaffe's articles have appeared in The Boston Globe, The Village Voice, Ms. *and other publications.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The company doesn't make this argument in court, of course. It doesn't mention bad publicity, injured reputation or customer boycotts. The harm that Lilco claims results from repeated demonstrations—for which compensation is sought—includes construction delays, higher fuel costs and employee salaries, property damage ("currently not ascertainable") and the cost of erecting fences, in some places double or triple fences.

Nine unions have joined the utility in the suit, claiming that the protesters threaten job security at the plant and have caused union members to suffer "breach of contract," for which they blame SHAD, not their employer. Though their contract is with Lilco, the company is conveniently relieved of its contractual obligations. Who's left to fight for the workers' interests when the union leadership, with strong pro-nuclear policies, comes to the aid of management? Are workers' independence, health and safety being sacrificed for temporary Shoreham jobs? In one of the first public shows of complicity between labor and a utility anywhere in the country, the suit against SHAD has put the company and the unions at Shoreham on the same side, with the same attorneys, in favor of Shoreham.

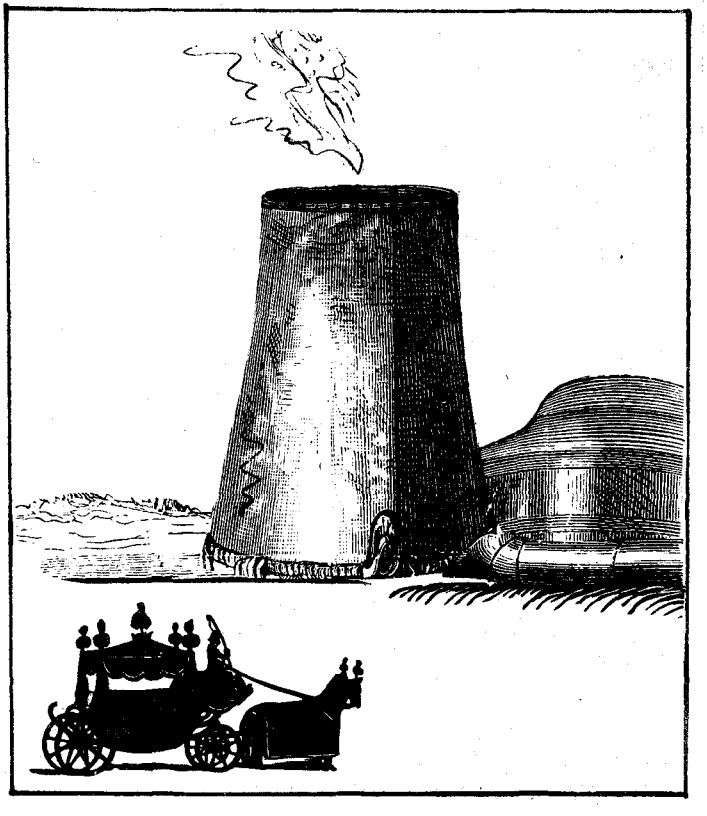
Whatever damage Lilco has suffered in public support, its stock rating, or its cash flow, the court remedy it seeks is unusual in the 1980s. Court injunctions were frequently used in the early 1960s to quell growing civil-rights protests and later against antiwar demonstrators. These extraordinary legal measures, obtained in the absence of any other prohibition, were eventually overruled or ignored. In any case, trespass laws already exist on Long Island for removing unwelcome visitors from the Shoreham site. "The people who trespass are arrested; Lilco doesn't need an injunction," says Edith Tiger, director of the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee. The injunction Lilco wants would prohibit demonstrations on Shoreham property (already illegal) as well as the adjacent public property outside the plant where citizens are normally allowed to assemble and express themselves as they wish. The injunction would also forbid planning such demonstrations and helping others to do so. Everyone who has already participated, planned or helped in a Shoreham demonstration would have to pay the company a total of $2 million in damages. That's a lot of SHAD bake sales. The suit is aimed at something more than the actions of nuclear opponents. According to Tiger, Lilco would like to "stop people from *thinking* antinuclear power."

Over the past seven months, both sides have been collecting evidence. Lilco wants to know exactly who on Long Island goes to antinuclear demonstrations, who organizes them and who can or cannot contribute to the $2 million fine. So far, six SHAD members have been questioned for about twenty hours by Lilco attorneys. A magistrate recently ruled that they will not have to supply the company with personal financial information, SHAD's financial records, or its mailing list. They also won't have to divulge the names of people who attended meetings and what was said, by whom, at the meetings. They must, however, answer questions from Lilco about the "core group" of individuals who organized last fall's demonstration.

The SHAD defendants filed a countersuit against Lilco in the Federal court charging harassment and invasion of privacy. They believe Lilco identified some of them by sending "spies" to SHAD's meetings. One defendant had attended only three meetings before she was sued by Lilco. She had never attended a demonstration at Shoreham. The utility's vice president, Ira Freilicher, claims that the names of SHAD members were obtained from leaflets or newspaper articles, but this particular defendant's name has never been published anywhere, not even in the phone book.

Ironically, Lilco may have already achieved the purpose of its suit. It is difficult for SHAD to plan another demonstration when organizers are too busy defending their rights in court. Many new people may now be hesitant about joining SHAD after hearing about the case by word of mouth (the New York City dailies have not covered the case, ignoring two SHAD press conferences this winter).

The SHAD defendants must now decide whether to comply with the recent order to provide Lilco information about their friends, the core group of activists. Refusing to do so would result in contempt of court citations and possible jail terms. The information supplied could implicate the individuals named, subjecting them to the $2 million suit and the injunction. Some supporters have felt that legal cases were a diversion from the real issue—Shoreham. Others, including attorney Victor Rabinowitz, are ready to fight "all the way to the Supreme Court." It has been suggested that thousands of names of SHAD members be given to Lilco as a show of solidarity, since SHAD doesn't have a core of high-echelon directors. Whatever the defendants decide, Lilco has made antinuclear activity a risky endeavor. "They want to break the antinuclear move-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment and destroy SHAD," says defendant Riley Bostrom.

In January, someone broke into the SHAD office in Smithtown. Nothing of real value was missing—printing equipment, telephone answering machine, typewriter were all there. Only the Rolodex, the address card files and some antinuclear petitions with names and addresses had been taken. Police estimate the worth of the stolen material to be about $12. The burglar now knows the name, address and telephone number of nearly every person on Long Island who is concerned about nuclear energy and has called or visited the SHAD office. These lists were so interesting for some reason that someone bothered to come out in the middle of a snowstorm to take them.

The Long Island Lighting Company has tried almost everything to win support for Shoreham. The utility has played "nice guy" with pro-nuclear ads, slide shows, even solar energy exhibits and house calls to consumer groups (with the gift of an appliance to the hostess). Lilco personnel have attended special seminars given by Human Relations Consultants Inc., of Miami, to learn "the skills of conflict management . . . to bring adversaries into a collaborative relationship."

But with its get-tough offense, Lilco is trying to outlaw antinuclear demonstrations at and around Shoreham. The First Amendment may not protect them from corporate Big Brother. If Lilco wins the suit, it wins the sudden miraculous assent of *all* its customers. They will probably be too frightened even to whisper the words "Three Mile Island." □

Corporatist

(Continued From Front Cover)

ticipation in what I call the Cultural War is part of any conspiracy. There is no conspiracy, for this is not a secret war. But the forces that shape intellectual discourse in this country are nonetheless too often hidden from public view. So while I am not urging my colleagues to bite the hand that has fed many of us, myself included, there is a need for us all to look more closely at the forums to which we lend our names and our ideas. At the very least, scholars must ask themselves: who are the men who control these institutions, where do *their* interests lie and for what purpose do they wield their political philanthropy?

The German Marshall Fund of the United States has in recent years rather generously supported progressives and progressive causes, and the National Humanities Center, a seemingly disinterested patron of scholarship, has steadily gained respectability as a prestigious and luxurious place to spend sabbaticals. Despite their apparently differing missions, however, both participate in a concerted cultural offensive of multinational corporatism.

David F. Noble teaches the history of technology at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He is the author of America by Design, *and the forthcoming* Forces of Production *(both Knopf).*

The German Marshall Fund

Like most people, I first heard about the German Marshall Fund because I needed money. In the course of research on the problems new technology creates for workers, I had been talking with trade unionists on the issue of computer-based technologies, trying to figure out ways of successfully meeting this serious challenge to labor. In 1978, I met a Norwegian computer scientist who had been working with the Norwegian Iron and Metal Workers Union. He described that union's experiences, which seemed to me quite significant, and so I resolved to go to Kongsberg, Norway, to see for myself. When I inquired about possible sources of funding for such short-term travel, my dean suggested the German Marshall Fund.

I had never heard of the German Marshall Fund but quickly wrote them, explaining my plan. I told them quite candidly that I hoped to study the Norwegian experience in order to learn about strategies developed there that might be useful to unions in this country facing similar problems. A few weeks later I had the money. I also received a letter from the fund's president, Robert Gerald Livingston, in which he urged me to meet with several social democratic academics and trade union officials while in Scandinavia. And, he added, "After your trip we would appreciate receiving a brief report outlining your impressions of the meetings you had. Could you also append to that a list of names, addresses and phone numbers of the most useful contacts?" I found the request rather odd, but I was new to the game.

Shortly after my return, I submitted a brief report, along with the requested list of names. I was eager to demonstrate to the fund that their money had not been wasted on frivolity. I also included a description of some of the work I was doing at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where I was trying to promote exchanges between the academic and labor communities on problems arising out of the introduction of new technologies. Soon I heard from the Marshall Fund's program coordinator, Peter Weitz, who told me that the fund was "prepared" to support a major project or center to foster academic-labor ties. With a colleague who had been working closely with some rank-and-file union members in Detroit, I put together a preliminary proposal.

Relations with the fund soon soured, however, because we insisted upon the full participation of rank-and-file union people in all aspects of the project. "You and your colleagues have got to strengthen your ties with the leading decision makers in a few selected unions with whom you would like to work," Weitz wrote. He suggested Glenn Watts, head of the Communications Workers of America and a member of the Trilateral Commission. Weitz urged us to abandon our local and rank-and-file emphasis. "You have got to be willing to follow union protocol," he insisted, "and to work hard to win an audience at regional and national headquarters." To me this meant abandoning our involvement with local activists, the people who were most familiar with the new technologies and most inclined to draw upon the membership in developing new strategies.

Thus ended my relations with the fund—almost. A year or so later, I received a call from Stockholm, from a man

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who was shepherding a Marshall Fund-sponsored delegation of A.F.L.-C.I.O. officials around Scandinavia on a fact-finding tour related to problems of workers and new technologies. In addition to their Michelin guides, they had with them my full correspondence with the fund, including a list of people I had seen, and wanted more information. (I have recently heard that the tour guide now works for the Communications Workers of America.)

My experience led me to take a greater interest in the fund. The more I looked at it, the more I discerned how widespread its influence really was. Social science projects sponsored by the fund were commonplace, especially in the elite schools of the Northeast; an increasing number of my more left-leaning colleagues in academia were applying to it —much as I had done, and no doubt with equal innocence —for research support and travel funds. Most recently, a major conference on Eurosocialism, sponsored by the Institute for Democratic Socialism and attended by more than 2,000 people, was underwritten by the German Marshall Fund. [See Ronald Radosh, "The Socialists Go to Washington," *The Nation*, December 27, 1980 and Letters, *The Nation*, February 21.] All of this caused me to look harder at the fund's objectives. As it happened, I was in the midst of a study of the Trilateralist-oriented politics of recent science policy. As that study evolved, I came to a fuller understanding of the influential role the German Marshall Fund was playing in American social science and politics.

Essentially, as I came to see it, the fund was just one cadre among others (the Trilateral Commission, the Business Roundtable, the Committee for Economic Development, the Conference Board, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, to name a few) in the ranks of a corporate counteroffensive against the more progressive "excesses" (or "democratic distemper," as Samuel Huntington referred to the upheavals of the 1960s and 1970s in a much-talked-about report to the Trilateral Commission). The fund's stated purpose was to sponsor a wide range of research aimed at gaining a better understanding of the challenges to the liberal (free-trade) wing of the corporate community in the United States and Europe—challenges both to power relations embedded in the status quo and to the development of economic and political "interdependence" among industrial nations. The left, because of its critical insights and contacts among oppositional groups, has in the past provided support to counterrevolution, however unwittingly, and so it too is a prime focus of attention.

In addition to underwriting research projects, the fund has sought to redirect into more acceptable channels the energies of potentially revolutionary groups. The way this usually works is that the fund will shower support on a progressive cause and define narrowly the rules of respectable behavior. If the recipient expects its grant to be renewed, it must henceforth live up to these rules. The fund also neutralizes political leaders by separating them from their political base. This is achieved by transforming them into career-minded, "responsible" house critics and members of the intellectual jet set. As ambitious activists and academics alike grow to enjoy the perquisites that come with their new respectability, they themselves serve to discipline others by isolating as "extremists" those who refuse to stick to the "responsible" path. Meanwhile, spending more and more of their time in conference rooms and jet planes, they naturally come to contemplate revolution from above, as it were.

In short, the fund serves much the same purpose as the Marshall Plan did after World War II: a conservative stabilizer moderating the forces of radical change. The Marshall Fund was set up in 1972 by the German Government, with a grant of 147 million deutsche mark (over fifteen years), as a memorial to the Marshall Plan. Honorary trustees of the fund include the people who were instrumental in conceiving and implementing the original Marshall Plan: C. Douglas Dillon, W. Averell Harriman, John J. McCloy, Robert A. Lovett, Gabriel Hauge, James Perkins and David Rockefeller. Together these men represent the country's most powerful banks and investment firms.

Until last October, the chairman of the fund was William Matson Roth, of the West Coast shipping family. A member of the executive committee of the Trilateral Commission, Roth also has played a role at Matson Navigation, a firm that has been a leader in the containerization and computerization of the docks, which reduced the ranks of dockworkers in the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union. The fund's new chairman is Eugene Skolnikoff of M.I.T., a behind-the-scenes science policy adviser to the Carter Administration (via the Office of Science and Technology Policy) and consultant to the Trilateral Commission.

Among the fund's trustees are Milton Katz of the Ford Foundation and the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and author of *Technology, Trade and the U.S. Economy*; Harvey Brooks, a Raytheon director and Harvard science policy guru; Thomas L. Hughes (who is also secretary of the fund), an intelligence specialist and a Trilateralist; William Donaldson, head of Yale's School of Organization and Management and director of Scoville, Continental Oil and Aetna Life Insurance, and Carl Kaysen of M.I.T., former Presidential economic adviser under President Kennedy and, most recently, director of the elitist Sloan Commission on Government and Higher Education. Finally, both the Marshall Fund's president, Robert Gerald Livingston, and its program coordinator, Peter Weitz, the two gentlemen with whom I had dealt, served recently as consultants for the Trilateral Commission task force on industrial relations in the preparation of its report on collective bargaining and employee participation.

To date, the fund has focused upon comparative studies and progressive causes, lending support to environmentalists, health and safety activists, women's movement leaders, consumer advocates and citizen action groups of all kinds, as well as people in the labor movement. Studies it has funded have dealt with such politically volatile subjects as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

toxic chemical regulation, citizen participation in nuclear plant siting, declining political participation in elections, the influence of environmental regulation on industrial siting, public participation and "conflict management" in many areas of controversy and, most recently, "union responses to new workplace technologies."

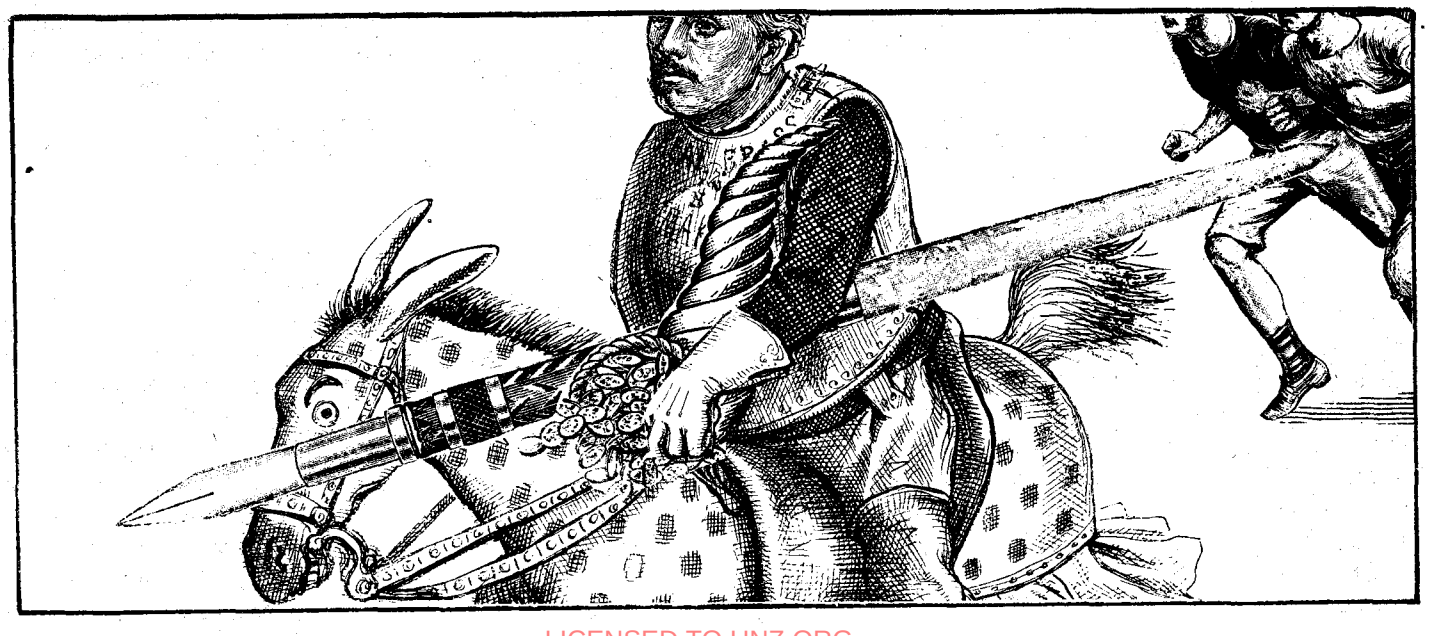
In addition, the fund has backed large-scale studies on the future of the automobile industry, with support from General Motors, Volkswagen and Toyota; on foreign workers and immigrant populations—essential to an understanding of the vicissitudes of a global economy and the international division of labor; labor-management relations and economic performance, and work humanization. The fund also supports Nieman Fellows, television producers—such as the makers of the BBC *Horizon* show on global computer-based information-transmission systems (which left viewers with the message: try to forget about your immediate self-interest in your job and look at the transformation in terms of its long-term benefits) and films and conferences such as the Institute for Democratic Socialism's recent international gathering in Washington on Eurosocialism. Above all, the German Marshall Fund concentrates on so-called "interdependence" issues, with science and technology policies and high-technology industrial trade central among them. The fund, significantly, has also supported the Trilateral Commission itself, as well as the American Enterprise Institute, all the while gathering information, generating ideas, making contacts—helping to guide the corporate ship through troubled waters and across open, free-trade seas.

The National Humanities Center

I first heard of the National Humanities Center when I spent a semester at Duke University in Durham, North Carolina. My first impression was that the center was a prestigious, government-supported facility of learning and scholarship, and that everybody on the faculty at Duke was trying to swing a sabbatical there. Before long, though, I learned that there was more to it than that. The Research Triangle Park in Durham is a rapidly expanding new home for representatives of America's high-technology chemical, computer, bioengineering and (soon) semiconductor industries (including I.B.M., Burroughs-Wellcome, Monsanto, the Chemical Industry Institute of Toxicology, General Electric and others). It boasts more Ph.D.s per capita than any other place in the nation. Nestled in the woods of the Research Triangle Park, the modernistic National Humanities Center is strategically situated to play what is becoming its major role—that of a highbrow corporate public relations outfit. Trilateralist "planetary humanism," rather than traditional humanities, is its primary preoccupation.

Recently, the Heritage Foundation, which runs a regular news column in the Research Triangle Park's newsweekly, *The Leader*, issued a report on the National Endowment for the Humanities (N.E.H.), part of the foundation's larger policy report to Ronald Reagan's transition team. The Heritage Foundation, which is run by conservatives William Simon and Joseph Coors, among others, attacked the N.E.H. and its current administrator Joseph Duffey for "faddishness" and a "narrowly political and ideological" approach to the humanities. "Simply put," the Heritage report argues, "the N.E.H. should support the humanities, rather than sociological crusades, political action, or political education as demanded by narrowly partisan interests." The N.E.H. should emphasize "excellence" rather than "populism," the report stated, adding: "as a true friend of democracy, the N.E.H. can teach the nation the limits of equalitarian impulse."

Anticipating liberal rejoinders, the foundation urged that "predictable criticism that insistence on excellence means discrimination against members of minority groups should be clearly and confidently confronted." The report also stressed the importance of private support for the humanities, warning against the "creeping nationalization of culture" by the Federal Government. "A decent regard for the instincts and capacities of private organizations would limit the 'federalization' of the nation's culture and would at the same time allow for the recognition of their



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

predominant role in our culture." The foundation called for tax incentives (what else?) to stimulate private support of the humanities. Finally, the report noted disapprovingly that "a terrible disservice has been done to the humanities by the expectation, and sometimes the insistence and demand, that they be integrated into public policy." This is not their place, the Heritage Foundation warned.

One of the consultants on the Heritage project and author of part of the report on the N.E.H. (and now reportedly Irving Kristol's candidate for the new head of that Federal agency) was William Bennett, director of the National Humanities Center. Apparently, Bennett does not practice *all* of what he preaches. Most of the center's support comes from private sources, to be sure, and it recognizes all too well the predominant role of private organizations in shaping our culture. And it most certainly cannot be accused of being too "populist" in its membership or orientation. But, contrary to the Heritage Foundation's prescription, it does indeed integrate the humanities with politics—to the point of being not only narrowly ideological but faddish as well.

A philosopher by training, Bennett taught at the University of Texas and, more recently, Boston University. At the latter institution, he served as administrative assistant to John Silber, a believer in philosopher kings who himself joined forces with right-wing bankers and businessmen to purge, harass and intimidate a liberal faculty. Bennett is a regular contributor to neoconservative magazines like *The Public Interest* and *Commentary*, co-author of a recent tract against affirmative action (*Counting by Race: Equality From the Founding Fathers to Bakke*) and defender of the ethics of corporate executives against attacks from such dangerous radicals as Sissela Bok, philosopher and author of *Lying*. Bennett learned of the center from the wife of one of its founders, Morton Bloomfield, a Harvard medievalist, and became the first person hired after it went into operation in 1976. He became director following the death of Charles Frankel.

The idea for that center originally came up in 1968 at the Palo Alto Center for the Study of the Behavioral Sciences. Bloomfield, Meyer Abrams, Gregory Vlastos and others in residence discussed the possibility of a national center for the humanities along the lines of the Center for Advanced Studies at Princeton, where the emphasis is on the natural and physical sciences, and the Palo Alto Center, where the focus is on the social sciences. A committee was set up under the auspices of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, with Steven Marcus of Columbia University as director of planning, to pursue the idea. The late Charles Frankel, Columbia professor and former Assistant Secretary of State for Educational and Cultural Affairs, became the guiding spirit behind the center and its first director. The committee visited twenty-five cities in search of an appropriate location, ultimately settling on a site in North Carolina, because, according to Bennett, the three universities in the state did a good job of "self-presentation," and also had strong corporate backing.

Chief fund-raiser for the center was Archibald Davis, president of the local Wachovia Bank. Davis was himself a member of the Trilateral Commission and former chairman of the American Bankers Association; he was also director of a string of large corporations, including R. J. Reynolds and A.T.&T. Appropriately, the main building of the center was named the Davis Building, and it encloses the R. J. Reynolds courtyard. Trustees for the center include Hedley Donovan, Trilateral Commission member and former special assistant to Jimmy Carter; Luc Wauters, chairman of Kredietbank of Brussels and another Trilateral Commission member; Edward Carter of Carter Hawley Hale stores, whose president, Philip Hawley, is also a Trilateralist; Frank Stanton, president of the Visiting Committee of Harvard University's Kennedy School of Government, whose dean, Graham Allison, is a Trilateral Commission member, and Isaac Shapiro of the Milbank, Tweed, Hadley and [John J.] McCloy law firm, which represents the Chase Manhattan Bank, whose chairman, David Rockefeller, was the founder and remains the chairman of the Trilateral Commission. Other trustees include John Hanley, chairman of Monsanto; Caryl Haskins of Haskins Laboratories; William T. Golden, a longtime Presidential science policy adviser who served Harry Truman and now a Wall Street investment banker; Terry Sanford, president of Duke University and member of the executive committee of the board of directors of I.T.T. and Harvey Brooks, of Harvard, the Kennedy School and the German Marshall Fund. In short, the center reflects the bipartisan nature of the corporate cultural campaign—a disarming blend of conservative domestic politics and progressive internationalism attuned to the interests of the high-technology firms in the petrochemical and electronic industries.

The purpose of the National Humanities Center is legitimation—cultural legitimation of corporate propaganda and policy making. Most of the Fellows at the center are politically conservative senior scholars who bring to it distinguished scholarly reputations and lend to its activities an aura of academic respectability. The center does in fact provide support for humanists—students of Chaucer, ancient history and the like. And, indeed, it is gaining renown as a source of funding for a sabbatical or financial aid to finish that manuscript needed for tenure.

But increasingly the focus is on policy-related activities. "We have had more success at it than the N.E.H.," Bennett boasts. The center holds seminars, conferences, special luncheons and the like, to discuss "legal ethics" with commissions from the American Bar Association, "educational policy" with representatives from the U.S. Department of Education, "values and consensus" with members of Congress. It also sponsors public discussions on such themes as "citizenship," "moral education" and "the modern context of constitutional principles in America."

"In addition to its scholarly work," Bennett has explained, "the center seeks to increase the influence of the humanities as a vehicle for public enlightenment. Visitors come to the center each year not only from academic life but also from the world of business, the professions and public life, and their presence helps to insure continuing inter-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

change of ideas between the center's community of scholars and the larger world." "By no means do all scholars at the center undertake projects of explicitly public resonance," Bennett points out, "but there is a readiness among them to entertain questions beyond the narrow confines of academic specialization. Without presuming to provide quick answers to the pressing problems of modern society, the center does not turn away from them."

Indeed not. Illustrative of the center's involvement in areas of "public resonance" is its current three-year project on "Energy and Values." In this area, Bennett explains, "the center expects to reach not only a broad scholarly audience in the sciences, social sciences and the humanities but an intelligent public audience as well." One project participant is Harvey Brooks, who serves at the same time as co-chairman of the pro-nuclear-power Committee on Nuclear and Alternative Energy Sources. In October 1979, Brooks defended the nuclear industry against the Kemeny Commission Report in a letter to *The New York Times*, which was also signed by the chairmen of General Motors, Du Pont, Celanese and Alcoa, among others. A major nuclear-equipment vendor, Westinghouse, provides financial support, as does the Committee for Energy Awareness, a public relations front for the utility industry. Bennett explained in *Energy Upbeat*, the newsletter for the Committee for Energy Awareness (July/August 1980), that "the idea came about in an informal conversation with some utility people as well as some of the vendors." According to Bennett, Charles Frankel talked with Westinghouse executives and suggested to them that to get their message across, "they should support a study" at the center, "rather than taking out ads in *The New York Times*." Sherwood Smith of Carolina Power and Light then steered Bennett to the Committee for Energy Awareness for further support. (I have been assured that the work of the project in no way reflects its origins or funding and that participants were selected purely on scholarly grounds.)

In an interview, Bennett defended the legitimacy of the project, pointing out that it was being supported as well by the N.E.H. That was misleading, and by design. Actually the N.E.H. provides the National Humanities Center with a general pool of funds to be used for conferences and seminars. Since the energy project involves conferences and seminars, some of that money is being used to support them. Thus, the respectability and integrity of the N.E.H. is being used to legitimize an industry study of energy and values and to disarm critics.

"It's a very exciting opportunity," Bennett wrote, "and we intend to do a very thorough job." Over the next three years, the center will host national conferences and issue a spate of publications on such themes as "the energy debate and the future of technology," "energy resources and the quality of life" and "energy policies in advanced industrial countries." Thus, at the National Humanities Center, the humanities and planetary humanism converge.

Meanwhile, hungry scholars around the country eye their colleagues at the center with envy and polish up their own fellowship applications (leftist scholars are admitted too, though on a token basis). The Davis Building gains a well-deserved reputation as a cozy yet proper setting for important luncheons. And serious yet unsuspecting humanists continue to think of the center with pride, as a distinguished Government-supported monastery, a quiet refuge for the life of the mind.

The German Marshall Fund and the National Humanities Center are just two of the corporate agencies now engaged in the Cultural War, a battle the left appears to be losing. No doubt there are other such agencies, of perhaps equal significance in shaping and directing intellectual, cultural and political activities. It might be argued that the analysis presented here is too simplistic, too one-dimensional. Many people believe that they can "exploit the contradictions" of capitalism, use money earmarked for counterrevolution for their own, and even revolutionary, advantage.

This is undoubtedly true, up to a point. It might be true, for example, in the case of promoting individual careers and perhaps good, progressive scholarship, or simply helping people in need to overcome their most immediate difficulties. But it is less true when it comes to building a truly oppositional, democratic movement, especially when there is as yet no movement to speak of, no political base to operate out of or within. To believe that such a movement can be built by exploiting the contradictions, by turning the resources of the powerful against them, is an act of faith that reflects remarkable individual ego and hubris, and a breathtaking innocence about politics, power and history.

This article, I must repeat, is by no means intended to be an attack upon those who have already benefited from, or who are now benefiting from, the largess of these institutions—as indicated at the outset, I have myself. Rather, it is a note of caution in a time of crisis, a plea to scholars and activists to give some critical attention to the larger meaning and social significance of their intellectual and political activities, to think about the bodies and minds to which those hands that feed them are attached, to reflect about where the food they contain comes from, to wonder about why it is being given to them. □

"Protest and Survive"
Low Prices for Bulk Orders!

This special issue of *The Nation* (January 24) devoted entirely to E. P. Thompson's profound and eloquent essay on the present danger of nuclear war is available at bulk rates.

____10 copies $8 ____100 copies $50
____50 copies $30 ____1,000 copies $300

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Please make check or money order payable to *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Ping! Not Some Chicano Woman

SUE M. HALPERN

Jean Harris has not yet grown old. Although she is locked out of sight in the Westchester County Jail awaiting sentencing for the murder of her lover, Dr. Herman Tarnower, the press continues its daily devotion. Reports from a distance now invite us to share the details of Mrs. Harris's transition to prison life. This is an addendum to the minutiae delivered each day while the Harris trial dragged on interminably over four months. Even *The New York Times*, which normally disdains such matters, assigned a veteran journalist to the case, daily afforded him prime space for the story and persists in its concern with Mrs. Harris. One suspects, however, that this does not reflect a change in policy, since *The Times* still eschews coverage of less genteel murderers and victims.

Herman Tarnower, of course, was not a typical murder victim any more than Jean Harris seems typical of women who kill. At least this is an excuse for the fascination of the press. Tarnower, 69, a cardiologist and the creator of the popular Scarsdale diet, was co-author of the best-selling *Complete Scarsdale Medical Diet*. Harris, 56, the primping headmistress of the Madeira School, a private preparatory for the daughters of wealth, had been Tarnower's lover for fourteen years. Although Tarnower had other lovers during that time, Harris's primacy went unchallenged until Tarnower's involvement with Lynne Tryforos, his office assistant, who was nearly twenty years younger than Harris. Tarnower began to divide his time between the two women. Despite the doctor's bipartisanship, Harris and Tryforos were open adversaries. Finally choosing sides, Tarnower appeared to have selected the younger woman.

According to the defense, events at the Madeira School precipitated Harris's decision, on March 10, 1980, to commit suicide. Wanting to bid farewell to "the man she loved most" before she died, Harris called Tarnower to ask if she could see him that night. He agreed reluctantly, telling Harris to suit herself. Before leaving the Madeira campus in McLean, Virginia, for the five-hour drive to Tarnower's home in Purchase, New York, Harris wrote Tarnower a lengthy letter which later became a key piece of evidence for the State—the "Scarsdale Letter." That Harris sent the letter by certified mail, the defense claimed, was evidence that she never intended to kill Tarnower; rather, Tarnower was shot accidentally in a struggle to prevent Harris from killing herself. The prosecution, however, argued that Harris was so distraught and enraged by the Tryforos-Tarnower affair that she planned to kill the doctor out of spite: if she could not have him, no one could. After deliberating for eight days, the jury agreed with the prosecution, pronouncing Jean Harris guilty of murder with intent to kill.

The press trivialized the case with excessive and sensational coverage, yet it also responded to public interest in the "slain Diet Doc." Tarnower was perhaps America's best-known physician; millions of people had read his book, and even more knew of his weight-loss program. However, Ann Jones, author of *Women Who Kill*, dismisses this public interest explanation. At the request of Fawcett Books, she is adding a chapter on the Harris case to the paperback edition of her book—a historical interpretation of women murderers. Jones posits an "unconscious conspiracy theory" to account for the exaggerated attention of the press to the Harris case. She argues that this case has been made into a public spectacle, a "morality play," directed by the "social fathers—the Establishment." She says this is intended to put women in their proper—that is, submissive—place, thereby assuaging anxieties engendered by the women's movement. "The lesson is that women won't be able to get away with murder," she says.

Tarnower's murder also roused a Harris constituency. His death served as a catharsis for the inchoate resentment many women harbor toward

Sue M. Halpern is a freelance writer who lives in New York City.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

men. With her good looks, her pedigree and her vocation, Jean Harris was a trenchant reminder that women, like other consumer goods, are disposable.

While Tarnower's notoriety attracted the press and made the story newsworthy, Harris and her potential following drew the attention of the publishing industry and of three established authors—Shana Alexander, Diana Trilling and Lally Weymouth—who signed contracts to write books about the case. That three major publishers—Little, Brown, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich and Summit—chose to support what appear to be competing ventures is perhaps the result of an informal market survey, as implied by Jean Young, Alexander's editor: "Mrs. Harris is someone we can identify with. She's someone like me, specifically—someone who is representative of women who buy hardback books in this country. This is not some Chicano woman who shoots a man who has raped her. We can identify with Mrs. Harris better."

Despite their obvious financial stake in the Harris-Tarnower case, none of the editors of "Harris books" will discuss money; apparently, this is not only bad manners but devalues the seriousness of these authors. Yet such coyness does nothing to bolster the contention that there may be a legitimate, nonexploitative interest in writing about the sad affair of Jean Harris and Herman Tarnower.

Shana Alexander says she is interested in the case because Harris "has lived." This is in contradistinction to Patty Hearst, the subject of Alexander's last book. Hearst was of interest precisely because she had not lived much before her abduction by the Symbionese Liberation Army and her transformation from a pasty, apolitical heiress into Tania, the revolutionary bank robber. Yet Alexander cannot explain why the Harris case was compelling enough to spirit her to defense lawyer Joel Aurnou's office the day after Tarnower was murdered. "The subject chose me, I didn't choose it," she contends. "I heard the old ping." Readers of *Anyone's Daughter*, Alexander's book on Hearst, will be familiar with the ineffable ping, which resounds throughout to signal insight. "A sharp physical sensation occurred as the revelation hit; Patty was *my* story," Alexander wrote in the introduction. Ping.

Although *Anyone's Daughter* is a personal document—sometimes painfully so—Shana Alexander considers herself a disinterested "spirit-medium" for her subjects. And if the Hearst case was "hers," she denies a similar proprietary interest in Jean Harris. "I simply felt like writing about it," she says, skipping the fact that she originally planned to call her book *A Woman of My Generation*. Alexander does mention that she is interested in the fact that "both Harris and Tarnower led successful professional lives and, not uncommonly, had disastrous personal lives," but she stresses that the case is important to her for professional, not personal, reasons. Her editor, it seems, disagrees: "This is a perfect match of subject and author," Jean Young says. "Shana identifies very much with Mrs. Harris. Both are upper-middle class, middle age. Shana is the best one to do this book," she concludes, alluding to the competition.

The competition may be less intense now that Lally Weymouth, a journalist who has written about the case for *The Village Voice* and *New York* magazine, doubts she is going to write the book, though she adds, "I can if I want to." Initially, Weymouth had thought "it would be fun" to write about the case because she, like her mother, Katharine Graham, chairman of the Washington Post Company, attended the Madeira School. Indeed, in a piece written for *The Voice* a few weeks after Tarnower was killed, Weymouth is back at Madeira chatting with some sanguine students who do not sound too undone by the fact that the woman who would "always talk about abiding by the rules of the community" has violated the Community's most sacred rule by taking Tarnower's life. Nine months later, in *New York*, Weymouth makes another excursion to Madeira. This time, though, the students are caustic while still polite, viewing Harris as a "white glovey" type whose "major accomplishment at Madeira was to institute a nutrition program." But Weymouth is no longer certain that the Harris-Tarnower story has the importance to sustain a book. "It's a perfect magazine piece," she says. Weymouth should know—she is now at work on her second article for *New York*, which, if it resembles her other work on the subject, will pass for daily journalism in all but length.

Unlike Weymouth and Alexander, Diana Trilling is not a professional reporter; in the estimation of her editor, she is a "social commentator." Trilling says that the "psychological drama" of the Harris case intrigues her: "what is implied by a woman driving five hours to have someone else suicide her, so to speak." She says she was "hooked from the very beginning by the fact that this woman said that she had come there to have him kill her. She [Harris] tried to take that back in the course of the summer . . . ignoring that statement and changing it to she came there to kill herself in front of the man she loved most."

Trilling is annoyed by critics who say she is out of her element in the Harris case. "People call and ask me what in the world I'm doing. They think I should be up there with the highbrows, being snotty," she says, observing that she has always been more interested in the sociological than the purely literary. It is true that both *Claremont Essays* (1964) and *We Must March, My Darlings* (1977) deal primarily with psychosexual topics. In fact, "On the Death of Marilyn Monroe," one of the Claremont essays, adumbrates Trilling's interest in Jean Harris:

> I am not a psychiatrist and I never knew Marilyn Monroe, but it seems to me that a person can want to be released from consciousness without seeking actual death; that someone can want to stop living without wishing to die.

Stewart Harris, Trilling's editor, thinks she is uniquely suited to write about the Harris case. "It seemed a natural," he says. "This is an important writer writing about an important case." When asked why the case is important, though, Harris lapses into tautology: "It is important because Mrs. Trilling is an important writer." He scoffs at the suggestion that he seems to be saying that Trilling can write about anything and, therefore, make it important. He would have "second thoughts if she wanted to write a history of the lollipop."

Diana Trilling wants her book to be out by spring. Her last book faded with the lassitude of summer; few can remember the title, *Reviewing the Forties*. Regrettably, her new book has an unforgettable name, *The Death of the Scarsdale Diet Doctor: Love, Here Is My Heart*. It is a title which, however innocently derived—Trilling says it is a line from a song her mother used to sing—capitalizes on the rancor of the occasion in the same way Jean Harris contended the "other woman" denigrated Herman Tarnower: it's cheap.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trilling had completed a draft manuscript by the time she returned from Martha's Vineyard last summer, but once the trial began she recognized the "sheer foolishness" of writing a book before the evidence was in. Trilling discarded the draft and began attending the trial religiously. An arthritic hand prevented her from taking notes and allowed her the unusual opportunity of just observing the proceedings while others in the press section scribbled with the frenetic urgency of a class during an exam. Trilling's driver, a former high school English teacher, also acted as her scribe. But the image of Trilling's leisure is illusory; she is in a rush to get the book out. Each night after court Trilling composed her book by speaking it into a tape recorder. The first two parts of her manuscript are due at *The New York Times Magazine* on March 24, one month after the verdict was cast, and the entire draft is due at Harcourt Brace Jovanovich two months later.

For a while, when the Harris-Tarnower story was front-page copy day after day, Jean Harris evoked the sympathy of countless people, especially women, who rallied in support of one who at 56 years of age "felt like a piece of old garbage." Harris raised the specter of a woman growing old in this society. Harris, the woman and the killer, was vaunted as both victim and hero. Trilling, for one, was dismayed by this reaction. "It's true that women have a very bad break in relation to age and sex. There is no question. I mean that no man, no matter how old, no matter how debile—you know, he can be held together by pieces of adhesive tape—but he will find some woman who is attractive or competent or both, younger than himself, at once. But it is not so for women." Still, Trilling does not commiserate with "all those women out there floating in beauty parlors on Saturday afternoons voicing opinions about the case, who say that men have been getting away with murder for years. I always finish the sentence for them—so women should be allowed to kill, too. This always upsets them."

The contents of the Scarsdale letter dispersed many Harris supporters. In the letter, Harris refers to Lynne Tryforos as a "psychotic whore," a "thieving slut" and "human shit," among other vitriolic epithets. She suggests that the "uneducated" Tryforos is properly placed among the servants, with whom Tryforos socialized. The letter makes Harris's acute class consciousness clear: the folk hero scorns the folk. As the present title of Shana Alexander's book tells it, Jean Harris is *Very Much a Lady*, while the rest of us are mere women. Or so Harris thinks. The paradox, of course, is that when Harris was perceived to have common cause with common women, she won the kind of support that called for exoneration in the face of what was otherwise seen as a crime; as soon as Harris pulled rank, she was excoriated. Suddenly, a lot of those women floating in beauty parlors decided that Harris should be treated like everyone else.

Even before the Scarsdale letter was heard in court, Shana Alexander considered dropping Harris to write a satire on the justice system in America. Perhaps recognizing that such endeavors do not draw either a big readership or, consequently, large advances, serial rights and made-for-TV movie deals, Alexander changed her mind. Now it seems that her book will tell what it was like to be Tarnower's lover for fourteen years, and will explain why Harris stayed with Tarnower for so long. Advertised this way, Alexander's book threatens to be almost as significant as the book that Harris may write someday.

But there may be no need for Harris to put pen to paper. *People* magazine (March 9) reveals the completeness of Alexander's identification with the convicted murderer, and the identification appears to be mutual. In the past year, Shana Alexander has become Jean Harris's confidante. In the article, Alexander writes that "this couple's names, put together, meant health—Hi-jean, hygiene. Yet the organism Hi-jean was bizarre, sick, an evil orchid or sacred monster . . . and when she destroyed Hi-jean, thus voiding both her emotional and professional problems in a burst of gunfire, she had no one to comfort her, no one left even to talk to, except her attorneys. That's why I got her phone calls. . . ."

In the same article, Alexander indicates that a clear understanding of Harris's complex and difficult nature, which she has and the jury did not have, leads to the conclusion that due process had no place in this trial: "For me the bottom line in the Jean Harris case is that the question put to the jurors—what was Jean's *intent* that night?—is one that simply cannot be dealt with by the mechanisms of law." Ping!

Satire or not, maybe one of the books on the Harris case will acknowledge what the daily press avoided while letting us sympathize with the defendant: the majority of murderers in the Bedford Hills Prison for Women—the jail that menaced Harris as soon as she pulled the trigger in New York State—are there because they killed a man with whom they were intimately related. Most of these women did not have the benefit of a private lawyer, a jury, or the public's concern. None of them were offered accommodations to ease their adjustment to prison. The women floating in beauty parlors have it backward: the rest of us should be treated like Jean Harris. □

The Winds of Vidal

J. D. O'HARA

CREATION. *By Gore Vidal. Random House. 528 pp. $15.95.*

VIEWS FROM A WINDOW: Conversations with Gore Vidal. *Edited by Robert J. Stanton and Gore Vidal. Lyle Stuart. 319 pp. $14.95.*

What God did in six days and a few verses of Genesis, Gore Vidal has redone in a few years and more than 500 pages. The revised Creation also cheats a bit; it begins on 20 December 445 B.C. Our on-the-scene reporter is Cyrus Spitama, grandson of Zoroaster, uncle of Democritus of Abdera, friend of Xerxes, world traveler and ambassador from the court of Persia to Periclean Athens. As we begin, Cyrus has just heard indignantly Herodotus' account of the Persian wars. He is beginning to dictate to Democritus his version of what for him are the Greek wars. Later he adds the topic of his life and wanderings. The philosopher Anaxagoras adds another topic: "more important than trade routes are the notions about creation that you've encountered." Cyrus is 74, blind, garrulous and willing: "I shall begin at the beginning and tell you what I know of the creation of this world, and of all other worlds too. I shall also

J. D. O'Hara teaches English at the University of Connecticut.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

explain why evil is—and is not."

"At the beginning there was fire," while the god Ahura Mazdah spoke from the altar to Zoroaster and Cyrus. Zoroaster died; Cyrus went to the court of Darius the Great and was raised with Xerxes. We hear much about the courtiers, the politics, the history and the great cities of Susa, Babylon and Ecbatana. Cyrus grows up and is sent by Darius to open a trade route to his Indian kingdoms. There Cyrus meets the reigning kings, princes and courtiers, as well as an influential Chinese merchant. And he engages in theological discussions with Brahmans, with the Jain holy men Gosala and Mahavira and with Tathagata a.k.a. Siddhartha a.k.a. the Buddha. He also marries and fathers two sons. And then, four years older, he returns to Persia to catch up on the news and be billeted to China.

Trouble with the Greeks and Darius' death slow him down, but then Xerxes, now King of Kings, sends him off with 2,000 men. They take a shortcut, possibly through the Takla Makam desert. Two hundred survive, are enslaved and disappear into China. Cyrus hangs on, makes a fortuitous connection with his Chinese merchant, and rises in esteem at the most powerful court. He teaches the science of smelting (offstage), arranges for a caravan back to Persia and learns some local ideas about life. Li Tzu explains wu wei and the Tao to him, and he goes fishing with Confucius. Then he sets out for India, shedding his caravan to visit his wife and kids and to hear about the latest wars and massacres.

Not much interested, he pushes on and settles down in Persia. His old buddy Xerxes has become a drunken romantic (that is, he keeps falling in love) and neglects his empire. But Cyrus has a happy dozen years until Xerxes is killed and Artaxerxes takes over and sends him off to Athens—where, after much dictation and a meeting with Pericles and Aspasia, Cyrus dies. Forty years later, Democritus adds a page to his transcriptions, in order to tell us the Real Truth for which we've been panting:

> As Cyrus Spitama was beginning to suspect, if not believe, there is neither a beginning nor an end to a creation which exists in a state of flux in a time that is truly infinite. Although I have nowhere observed the slightest trace of Zoroaster's Wise Lord, he might well be a concept which can be translated into that circle which stands for the cosmos, for the primal unity, for creation.

Creation: 528 pages of small type. As I picked up the heavy book, I knew terror, for I am that rarest of reviewers who actually reads every word, and rather slowly. What I saw on the first page was disquieting. With an obviously bogus protagonist, Vidal must depend upon the cunning of his narrative gift to propel these characters through great events, and not only must he describe the sweep of military and political action but also give us close-ups of Darius, Xerxes, Zoroaster, the Buddha, Confucius and many more. The detail is painstaking and generally authentic. The naïve portraits of the great men convince rather more than subtler work might have done. This is not at all bad, except as prose. His reconstruction of history is painless and, I should think, most useful to simple readers. Yet there is a good deal of Pop-writing silliness, though Vidal's prose is generally correct, if uninspired, and though I suspect he is a writer best read swiftly by the page in order to get the sweep of his narrative while overlooking the infelicities of style and the shallowness of mind. I realize my sort of slow reading does a disservice to this kind of book. But then I hope the author will be pleased to know that at least one person has actually read his very long novel. Few people will.

In "The Top Ten Best Sellers," an essay written in 1973, Vidal reviews some bad Pop lit. The paragraph above, with some obvious changes, is cobbled together from sentences in his dissection of Herman Wouk's *The Winds of War*. The same article contains an admiring description of Mary Renault's *The Persian Boy*, mentioning Darius, Alexander, "marvelous cities, strange landscapes, colliding cultures"; "the device of observing the conqueror entirely through the eyes of an Oriental is excellent and rather novel." If we choose we may see here the genesis of *Creation*. From Solzhenitsyn's *August 1914* Vidal selects some "Wisdom Phrases," and after quoting a deeply meaningful encounter between a young man and Tolstoy he exclaims, "This is best-seller writing with a vengeance." He describes Frederick Forsyth's *The Odessa File* as "the sort of storytelling that propels the hero from one person to the next person, asking questions." And finally he generalizes: "The authors prefer fact or its appearance to actual invention. . . . As Christianity and Judaism sink into decadence, religioso fictions still exert a certain appeal." It is disturbing, the appropriateness of these passages to *Creation*.

Creation, says Cyrus, is "the only important subject that there is." The novel spends about twenty-five pages on the subject, total. Usually it is given a mere mention in passing, but most of the Wisdom Figures speak about it. Unfortunately, Cyrus "cannot follow any of this," as he says about Democritus' observations. "It is hard to take seriously another world's wise man, particularly at second hand," Cyrus remarks. And to Democritus he says, without heeding his own advice,

> even your teacher Protagoras would agree with Confucius' strictures on how necessary it is to examine what you've learned. Confucius also thought that a teacher must always be able to reinterpret the old in terms of the new. . . . Unfortunately, it is also obvious that few teachers are able to do anything but repeat, without interpretation, old saws.

Setting out to propel his hero from interview to interview, Vidal has contrived a questioner with so anemic a private life and character that he is always free to memorize answers and to notice the scenery. Such a figure can be contrived out of research and used to communicate oodles of facts. But in effect, we go to marriages with a fashion editor and to burials with a geologist; in place of imaginative involvement we get reports. Back from six years in the Orient, Cyrus arrives at his first personal meeting with Xerxes. Between the sentences "Later that evening he sent for me to join him in his bedroom" and "Xerxes lay upon the bed," we are given 150 words, beginning, "Despite all my years at court, I had never before seen the fabled bedroom furniture of the Great Kings." And we see it.

In 1961, Vidal said that the highest points of the novel "were always reached by those who set their characters free from making a living and were then able to carry forward the debate, the interplay of character." But Cyrus hits and runs, leading a solitary and unruminative existence, and all these great figures and their wisdom flow past us like an overloaded introduction-to-philosophy course based on Xeroxed handouts. Even the politics is presented in Pop-lit terms: "Years later I discovered that every word that was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spoken in the grotto beneath the mountain was carefully taken down by an agent of the Magadhan secret service"; "every word that is said at a royal drinking party is taken down by a scribe." One finds even that old mystery of the missing sibilants: " 'Do not interrupt,' hissed Atossa."

The writing has other problems, and "that" is one of them. Cyrus describes Herodotus' history as "nonsense of a sort that were I less old and more privileged, I would have risen in my seat at the Odeon and scandalized all Athens by answering him." He says, "What little influence that I still exert derives from an accident of birth." Also:

> Under full sail our lives were always at risk, since we were never so far from the spiky coral shore that a sudden gust of wind might have wrecked us.
>
> Not a day passes here in Athens but that I am not told how two or three thousand . . . Greeks defeated a Persian army and navy of two or three million men.
>
> At the time, I wondered that if there should be a sixty-fifth art, would it be diplomacy or conspiracy?

Yet in 1975 Vidal, asked how he'd like to be remembered, said, "I suppose as the person who wrote the best sentences in his time."

This hope comes to us by way of *Views From a Window*, a wide-ranging collection of interviews and letters written between 1960 and 1978. They have been cut into snippets and restitched by Robert J. Stanton into a usually free-flowing mega-interview arranged by topics. What little Vidal says there about *Creation* is not helpful. Of Cyrus: "the ultimate irony is that he is interested not in religion but in trade"—a notion few readers will accept; Cyrus is foggier about business than Ronald Reagan. Of the title: "*Voyage* is not a bad title. I want *O* [oh or zero?] but the publishers do not. *Creation* seems all right. It is apt, certainly. But one does not quite like the Michenerian ring." Nor does one like Vidal's odd uncertainty. Of an earlier novel he said that it "has a mystery at its center and I never defined it, which is always a mistake." *Creation*'s raison d'être is also mysterious.

Unless this is it: "The whole reason I write those historical novels is to teach myself." Alas, teaching is pedantic, and this instructive novel is like Magritte's instructive paintings, which in their earnestness generally display the artistic qualities of a third-rate billboard ad. And this is unfortunate because the author's own voice, quoted by Stanton on such topics as himself (at length), "Artists and Barbarians," "Sexuality," "Politics" and "Survival," is usually lively:

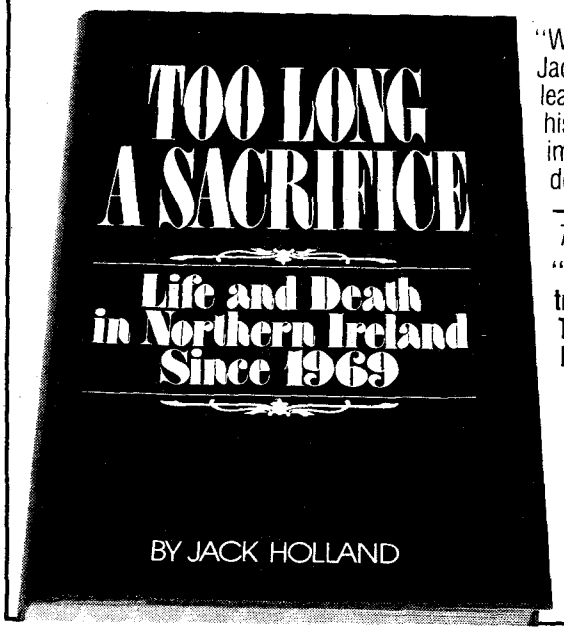
> [On Reagan] I wouldn't want a professional screen actor to be President of the United States . . . because he's spent his entire life being moved about like a piece of furniture. He's used to being used.
>
> [On political writing] *The Nation* is good but its circulation is too small.
>
> [On us] From the peculiar institution of slavery to the peculiar penchant for murdering Indians, we have been a predatory and wicked country from the beginning. In this century, we have been imperial, defeating Spain and Mexico, acquiring Cuba, the Philippines—and killing three million Filipinos—conquering or subverting the governments of Cambodia, Laos, Chile, Turkey, Guatemala, the Dominican Republic, Greece and Cyprus.

"And you do not think other societies are unjust?" "In my lifetime, no, with the obvious exceptions of Stalin's Russia and Hitler's Germany." Vidal displays other odd ignorances, as when he speaks of "the famous opening scene of Beckett's *Molloy* in which a father is carrying his son." But he is not under oath.

Cyrus also makes similar remarks: "I do not think there could ever be a conqueror so bloody that most women would not willingly lie with him in the hope of bearing a son who would be every bit as ferocious as the father." And their tone, which is the tone of the whole narrative, is of course sadly wrong. Vidal has used yet another tired gambit: he has sent a modern American consciousness back in time, although he knows that such a mind is irrelevant. "Ours works differently from that of pre-Gutenberg man, as Miss Frances Yates demonstrated so dramatically in *The Art of Memory*." No wonder, then, that Vidal himself describes Cyrus' tone as "somewhat acid" and "cool," and no wonder these uninterpreted wise men can't be taken seriously. The novel is like a historical movie enacted by Tony Curtis and Marlon Brando. □

"The best book to date about the sad, tearing agony of Northern Ireland...."

Jack Holland combines passion and intelligence to illuminate that agony...the resulting book should be required reading at the British Desk of the State Department."—PETE HAMILL



"Whether or not you agree with Jack Holland's politics, you will learn from and be moved by his poetic, impassioned, and impressive account of life and death in Northern Ireland."
—**Victor Navasky**, Editor, *The Nation*

"If you want to face the truth read this book twice. The first time, you get lost in the beauty of Jack Holland's writing." —**Michael Daly**, columnist, *New York Daily News*

"A great book."
—**Paul O'Dwyer**

Photographs. $10.95

DODD MEAD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Planetary Patriot

MICHAEL MALONE

PALM SUNDAY. *By Kurt Vonnegut. Delacorte Press. 330 pp. $13.95.*

Kurt Vonnegut is the Danny Kaye of American Letters, a world-famous jester whose sweet and zany style has never been sealed by the academy as the high art of a Chaplin or a Keaton, who continues over the years to swoop up devotees without shaking off disdainers. *Palm Sunday* is not likely to send deserters scrambling from either side: In a report card ranking his works, Vonnegut gives it a *C* to the *A*+s of *Slaughterhouse-Five* and *Cat's Cradle*, and the *D*s awarded *Slapstick* and *Happy Birthday, Wanda June*. The grades sound fair.

Palm Sunday is "an autobiographical collage," a literary bag lady—not your run-of-the-street bag lady but a Mary Kathleen O'Looney. In *Jailbird*, O'Looney turns out to be president of RAMJAC, an international conglomerate that owns everything in the world. According to the copyright, RAMJAC owns *Palm Sunday*, too. Imagine that. And so on.

Vonnegut's last collage, the 1975 *Wampeters, Foma, and Granfalloons*, wasn't autobiographical. Neither is this one, if readers are looking for *Crack-Ups*, or Capotean confessions of madder music and stronger wine, or even a chronology of the and-then-I-wrote-and-wed sort. Anyhow, we already know some of the facts and much of the feel of Kurt Vonnegut from his strolls with us through nine novels—as host, character and genial gadfly. "I have always rigged my stories so as to include myself."

On *Palm Sunday*'s circus-full of rigging, its author flies through airy nothingness with ease; he's done the routine for years. He opens with cheek. His tongue is in it: "This is a very great book by an American genius." Let's call it a *blivit*. With such a "marvelous new literary form" he's certain to sweep the Pulitzer in fiction, drama, history, biography and journalism. At any rate, Vonnegut has swept his desk clean. Shaken out are four essays, ten public speeches, two funeral orations of his own and one of his great-grandfather's, two letters of his own and one by his daughter to a disgruntled restaurant customer, an interview with himself for *The Paris Review*, an Andy Hardy musical skit on the Jekyll and Hyde theme, an alphabetical list of 400 writer "friends" he has met at least once for at least thirty seconds, accepted and rejected book introductions, lyrics to two Country-Western songs by the Statler Brothers. And on and on. So it goes.

Among the best things are proud and generous portraits of his six children —three adopted after the death of the sister who has always been his imagined ideal reader. Also a peek at the "unbridled happiness" of William F. Buckley Jr. Also a talk of earnest irony to a New Jersey Mental Health Association. Also addresses at colleges, where he is perennially welcome—his standard jacket copy still reminds us how "the groundswell of his present popularity began on college campuses"—and where he speaks with a voice marvelously attuned to the counterpoint of gloom, silliness and righteous fervor humming away in adolescents.

Readers are likely to come to Vonnegut young; there are now three decades of fans: I spoke at Christmas to a brother-in-law, 38; a brother, 28; and a nephew, 18, all of whom had read everything in the canon. All three were science-fiction buffs, too, for it was Vonnegut who brought that genre from outer space into a mainstream literary orbit by adding his style of black comedy and Bokononian commentary—a sort of Jonathan Livingston Spaceship with Lenny Bruce at the controls. That his books seem written for a (largely male) adolescent audience only places him, of course, in a line extending from James Fenimore Cooper to fellow Hoosier Booth Tarkington all the way to Fitzgerald and Salinger. (The question for our fiction has always been, "Who's writing for the adults?")

Like Heller and other of his Depression-raised, World War II-graduated peers, Vonnegut began writing in the 1950s but became popularly associated with a "radical 1960s" sensibility. He tells us in *Palm Sunday* that these liberal beliefs, deeply felt but not doctrinaire, are "so soft and complicated they turn into bowls of undifferentiated mush" when he argues against folks like, say, William F. Buckley Jr. Nonetheless, Vonnegut carries that banner for his readers; they know that if they open a book of his, they will find cherished flags still flying. Indeed, his hobbyhorses have acquired for his admirers all the charm of familiarity that Nero Wolfe's yellow pajamas and Poirot's little gray cells have for detective-story fans.

In Vonnegut's world, almost everybody smokes too many Pall Malls. Not only do the same characters—Eliot Rosewater, Kilgore Trout—happily reenlist in book after book, the same names are bestowed on different characters. Other mannerisms (drawings, lyrics, *etc*s., short sections with long headings—127 chapters in *Cat's Cradle*'s 231 pages) are tricks of a trademark as identifiable as Wheaties, breakfast of champions.

Vonnegut is a popular writer; there is nothing obscure about his style or abstruse about his themes; you can read one of his books in an evening. While he splatters orthodox notions of the novel, his works have little to do with modernist "fictiveness"—compare the index to *Jailbird* with Nabokov's for *Pale Fire*; compare Pynchon's allegorical polysemy with Vonnegut's Humpty-Dumpty neologisms. (For the record, he wants us to know that he met neither of these fellows at Cornell, where he studied chemistry, not literature—though his view of English departments is so low you'd think he'd been in one.)

Palm Sunday he calls "a confrontation between an American novelist and his own stubborn simplicity." He's con-

Join the Nation Associates, a loyal and committed group of our readers who provide invaluable support for the magazine through annual contributions of $50 and up (annual membership includes a one-year subscription to *The Nation* and participation in a variety of Nation Associates activities).

For further information, please write or call Claudine Bacher at (212) 242-8400.

Michael Malone, whose most recent novel is Dingley Falls *(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), is visiting playwright at the Yale Divinity School. His play,* Defender of the Faith, Etc., *will be produced in New Haven this spring.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flicted about that quality's merit. At times he concludes he's not very educated, not very articulate, in fact not very bright and not very polished at his craft. At other times he wants us to know that his "mosaics of jokes" are highly skilled artifacts (as indeed they are) of a fine natural talent for whom writing came as easily "as falling off a log." To write simply, and not shallowly, like Vonnegut at his best—like Mark Twain, the idol for whom he named his first son and whom he is oddly coming even to resemble, with his curls and drooping mustache—to achieve so clean a simplicity is no slight accomplishment. He has done the state some service with that talent, and we should let him know that we acknowledge the gift.

For Vonnegut's membership in the community of his fellow humans lies at the core of his sense of artistic responsibility, as well as personal well-being: what he "wants more than anything is the unqualified approval of the community." "Lonesome No More" would be his campaign promise; to feel the contempt of others the great punishment. He is always reaching out; in old drinking days by nocturnal phone calls to memories of old sweethearts and pals; in public life in his generous willingness, evident in this anthology, to praise the living, to mourn the dead, to honor students, to dedicate libraries as citadels of language, which is to him holy.

He claims to condemn Homo sapiens as "too hilariously stupid to survive," but cannot bear to part with even fictional characters. Or with the past; he is as unstuck in past time as future space. For all his drawings of rectal apertures, Vonnegut wears under his antinuke T-shirt some of the frockcoat of the nineteenth-century Hoosier gentlemen his great-grandfathers were. His profound love for that family heritage is resonant in *Palm Sunday*, as is a profound nostalgia for "the good old days" of a "small and congenial" folk society. In a way, his very atheism is a family tradition, a tribute to his Freethinking ancestors in whose honor he keeps blaming God for all the rotten things that have happened to humanity.

Vonnegut says he shares Twain's bitter skepticism—"that I have had it right all along, that I will not see God, that there is no heaven." Meanwhile, he keeps hoping we can create a new one here on earth, based on that most radical of ideological documents, the Sermon on the Mount. *Palm Sunday* ends with a sermon on that Sermon by a modest, polite, sentimental family man, a planetary patriot and a writer to whose stubborn simplicity the modern American novel owes great thanks. □

THEATER.

STEPHEN HARVEY

Childe Byron

Already this season, slicker sob sisters than Romulus Linney have been stymied in the attempt to condense a lifetime of personal and creative torment into a coherent biographical narrative lasting a mere two to three hours on the stage. Just to cram in all that basic factual material, even the most resourceful playwright is tempted to resort to a series of anecdotal sketches as brisk and streamlined as burlesque blackouts, and usually just about as illuminating. Still, with *Childe Byron*, Linney has surpassed the likes of Peter Shaffer (*Amadeus*) and Pam Gems (*Piaf*) in the craft of reducing a complex life into the stuff of *opéra bouffe*, played in absolute deadly earnest.

Linney offers up a portrait of a genius ever prompt to defend his masterworks against the small-minded deriders of his age. "Do you think it's easy to write a play about your mother?" Byron blusters, when his maiden attempt at dramaturgy is attacked. Besides, at least he wrote about real people he loved and hated, instead of Greek vases "like that idiot Keats." Yet beneath his preening facade, this Byron is gnawed by self-doubt, ever seeking an elusive purpose to his wayward existence. As he informs us in that inimitable Byronic mode, "I must do more than fornicate, write verse and impregnate my sister." *Childe Byron* makes it clear that the poet's dilemma was not so very different from that faced by the glitterati of our own era. Notoriety may be intoxicating, but it can trap you in the end because the public can turn on you quicker than you can say "Don Juan."

Groupies are the absolute worst, distracting the artist from his labors only to use him for their own petty ends. Linney's Byron is enticed by them in moments of weakness, but deep down he's nobody's fool. At one point toward the end of the first act, he playfully tries to extricate himself from the embrace of one of his more persistent admirers. Noting his diffidence, the lass asks whether he's worried that she might plan to kiss and tell. "No," he retorts, "you want to fuck and publish." That's what is so illuminating about *Childe Byron*—most literate people already knew about the bard's felicity with lyric verse, but if it hadn't been for this play, his gift for snappy repartee might have been denied us forever.

The premise behind Linney's dogged sprint past thirty years of Byronic tableaux is unusually laborious even for this genre. The poet's one legitimate child, Ada, is in the throes of death at age 36, just like her father. Having never encountered Byron during his lifetime, she calls upon his ghost to justify his profligate life to her—in particular, his unseemly paternal neglect. Having come all that way from the beyond, Byron cannot but oblige; taking an occasional sip of claret from the human skull-cup which Ada had saved all those years, he recounts the highlights of his incident-packed career, choosing to act out the best bits himself.

A certified brain in her own right (as she puts it, "I surpass the reasoning powers of most men"), Ada is too embittered and skeptical to accept her father's rationales at face value, re-

Up Against Apartheid
The Role and the Plight of The Press in South Africa
By RICHARD POLLAK
The author, literary editor of *The Nation*, focuses on a potentially fatal outgrowth of the South African tradition of intolerance—the harness of censorship reining the English-language press, brutal persecution of the black press and, despite their great need for each other, growing mistrust between black and white journalists.
$12.95
SOUTHERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY PRESS
P.O. Box 3697,
Carbondale, IL 62901

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

futing his descriptions of past exploits, point by point. The intergenerational wrangle that sporadically erupts in the course of the play is fiery enough to rouse the most torpid viewer, but dramatically moot, since Ada and Byron expend most of their energy screaming their respective trendy credentials at each other. The poet sees himself as a sexual visionary pilloried by society only for his lack of hypocrisy—everybody in London beds down with boys, animals and family intimates, but only he had been man enough to admit it out loud. She, however, views his sexual athleticism as just a base form of self-indulgent male chauvinism. Ada's raison d'être is her work, the perfecting of a mathematical machine that would one day give birth to the digital computer; all else in life, her own children included, has been a distracting excrescence. Against her will, Ada comes to realize that her rebellious spirit is really the legacy of her outcast father, and they effect a touching reconciliation just before she expires in peace.

If the Ada-Byron debates are merely inert, the dramatized episodes from the poet's life are aggressively simple-minded in concept and downright ludicrous in execution. Linney's principal brainstorm was to provide a six-member Greek chorus to comment on Byron's misdeeds, alternately fawning over his talent and charisma, and wrinkling their noses at his private excesses. Under Marshall Mason's direction, they are archly posed like rejects from *My Fair Lady*'s Ascot Gavotte. These intended exemplars of English gentility all orate in the plebeian tones of provincial Off Broadway. Linney can hardly be blamed for that, but the leaden counterpoint of bon mots the cast is forced to utter might well have stumped the cream of the Royal Shakespeare Company. Refereeing the marital discord between Byron and his legal spouse, the priggish ex-Miss Milbanke, Greek chorine No. 1 informs us that "Debased, he says everything," to which Greek chorine No. 2 replies, "Noble, she says nothing."

The Circle Repertory Company's production couldn't have exposed *Childe Byron*'s weaknesses more ruthlessly had it been conceived with that purpose in mind. Whether editorializing en masse or breaking from the group to represent the major figures who passed through the poet's life, the supporting cast ranges downward from the inconspicuous to the unspeakable. Byron's beloved half-sister, Augusta, is so pallidly delineated that his incestuous feelings come to seem merely myopic rather than perverse. For some reason, the curly-maned juvenile drafted to play the poet in adolescence was instructed to adopt a music-hall Scottish burr; since William Hurt, the adult Byron, opted to stick to his standard American inflections, the production prompts you to wonder whether this Byron might have taken a detour to the Ivy League before reaching legal majority.

Hurt's recent screen appearances have confirmed that he's an ingratiating young actor. Especially adept at playing sensitive, self-effacing WASPs with untoward urges thrashing about within, Hurt would be the ideal dramatic incarnation of the John Cheever hero. Yet for all his game feints at flamboyant swagger, he's singularly miscast as the dark soul of Byronic temperament. In the dual roles of the renegade Ada and her intransigent mother, Lindsay Crouse is the one member of the company who rises above the occasion. While the script mainly restricts her to monotonous tongue-lashings of smug invective, Crouse actually endows much of it with a semblance of real passion; moreover, she's the only performer in the cast not in dire need of a voice and dialect coach.

I suppose that the appeal of a play like *Childe Byron* for some impresarios and audiences lies in the reflected glory of the figure it brings to bogus fictional life—since this is a play about an artist, it indubitably must be art. □

FILMS.

ROBERT HATCH

Eyewitness
La Cage aux Folles II

"Escape" fiction can do a number of beguiling things: it can excite you, puzzle you, scare you, support your daydreams of dash and daring. What it cannot do successfully is solicit your sober consideration of currently perplexing social, political, or ethical problems. It cannot do so because such problems are usually stubborn, often controversial, embedded in the value system of the community. They call for discussion at a depth and of a subtlety that would impede the narrative rush essential to the attraction of "escape." The distinction is that between *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* and *Crime and Punishment*.

I bring the matter up because, it seems increasingly, the makers of escape movies are taking box-office advantage of topics that have aroused public concern. Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* has been updated as *Apocalypse Now*, a blood-stirring spectacle that registered as a mystical glamorization of the war in Vietnam. Somewhat later, *Resurrection* bathed in sunny sentimentality the faith-healing hysteria of the more extreme evangelical sects. *Fort Apache, the Bronx*—the well-made, powerful police melodrama that opened last month—has evoked bitter protests from citizens and institutions of the South Bronx, the tragically devastated area of New York City where the picture was filmed. Now comes *Eyewitness*, a thriller that combines the reliable ingredients of sex and murder in the context of efforts being made in this country to assist Russian Jews who wish to emigrate.

For reasons I cannot discuss without giving away the plot, *Eyewitness* is not apt to sit well with the individuals and agencies engaged in this rescue work. As of this writing, they have raised no protest, and I rather hope they don't, since, as always happens, that would only call more attention to one aspect of a film which, for all its verisimilitude and evident dramatic skill, seems intent on making an art of implausibility. It does so in part by asserting as fact a highly unlikely detail which can then be used to "validate" a still less probable later twist of the plot. Thus, to invent an example, if I were to tell you in some confidence that I am endowed with webbed, exceedingly spatulate feet, you might be less disposed on a subsequent occasion to doubt my ability to walk on water. Though neither circumstance is inherently credible, the coincidence is thought to allay skepticism.

In addition, the film leaves a number of its threads dangling, and it employs a character whom I particularly detest in thrillers—the one who lurks inconspicuously in odd corners of the action, only to leap with guns blazing into the final shootout. Just how this one was tied into the villainy I never did understand. And throughout, your (or at least my) happy relaxation in a game of lethal blindman's buff is distracted by the persistent desire to know if a Moscow to New York underground railroad is real-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ly being operated by characters as sinister as those here presented.

Yet for all this complaining, the main current of the movie is indeed attractive—sufficiently alarming and consistently witty. Steve Tesich and Peter Yates, who were, respectively, the author and director of *Breaking Away*, have again combined talents to produce an entertainment involving people of some complexity and evident charm. Daryll Dever (William Hurt), the eyewitness of the tale, is the night janitor of a Manhattan office building, a young man who loves his motorcycle, his guard dog, the undemanding solitude of his job and, above all, Tony Sokolow (Sigourney Weaver), a saucy TV reporter whose every appearance on the air he tapes for rapt contemplation.

The central irony of the film is that Dever has witnessed much less than he implies, thus bringing himself to the attention not only of Tony Sokolow but also of the police and sundry malign and well-armed conspirators. There is nothing remarkable about Dever except that he has a clear sense of himself, a quick wit and a direct if unaggressive way of getting what he wants. In this case he wants Sokolow, and Weaver makes his determination on that score thoroughly understandable. Hurt, I think, has greater authority and warmth as Dever than he showed in any of his previous roles. He is an actor who, like Gérard Depardieu (seen most recently in *The Last Metro*), grows more impressive with each appearance. Both of them are big, solid men who move quietly and react slowly but decisively, letting their physical presence do much of the work of creating a character. It is a manner that reminds me of the younger Marlon Brando, the knack of being always, and commandingly, visible.

In addition to the Hurt-Weaver duet, *Eyewitness* provides an absorbingly tricky relationship between Dever and his shifty Vietnam buddy (James Woods); an awkward love affair between Dever and the buddy's sister (Pamela Reed) that produces a touchingly funny episode in a dress factory, and a pair of crime-weary cops (Steven Hill and Morgan Freeman), whose deadpan dialogue keeps the wild caper in some contact with the streets of New York. Irene Worth has a small part, which she plays with a fetching accent, and how Christopher Plummer fits in with the rest of this excellent cast I will let you find out for yourself. As you would expect, he goes about the job with conspicuous style. And the same may be said for the whole picture—whatever its problems with plot and the explication thereof, it has style.

Getting back to the question of injecting current preoccupations into popular entertainment, it can be done without raising hackles if you are quick and light enough to skate over the thin ice. Edouard Molinaro is perhaps the canniest, certainly one of the most successful of currently active directors. At a time when gay rights has become a militant cause and its activists bristle at any perceived slur, his *Cage aux Folles* movies are classic slapstick comedies that have been given a new slant by placing homosexuals at the center of the farce. The original film was a variation on that indestructible transvestite foolishness, *Charley's Aunt*; its successor is one of those chase melodramas in which an innocent couple, for reasons they do not understand, have become of pressing interest to two warring groups of desperate men.

Ugo Tognazzi and Michel Serrault, Molinaro's co-stars, are smart and deft, as confident of each other's skill as a pair of expert jugglers. And they are very funny. They play somewhat aging lovers who can afford to squabble because their long-established relationship is not affected by tears, tantrums, or passionate avowals of eternal hatred. They are at once extravagantly theatrical and solidly domestic, and the general public, always disposed to laugh at the showier manifestations of homosexuality, can guffaw its head off without fear of being denounced for insensitivity to minority feelings. The *Cage aux Folles* films are shrewd show business, but I admire as well their relaxed assumption that homosexuals can behave as absurdly as anyone else.

Sequels to fine romps have a way of falling on their faces, and I went to *La Cage aux Folles II* with some misgivings. However, it is an exception to the rule. You might complain that it peaks too soon—in a scene that has the indomitably feminine Serrault attempting to impersonate a window washer in the manner of Jean Gabin—and that thereafter the nonsense runs downhill. But, if so, it runs on a gentle slope that has its gratifying moments, to reach a conclusion that would be outrageously sentimental if it were not so unexpectedly witty. □

Are you keeping up with the latest Confrontation?

CONFRONTATION

A semi-annual literary journal published by Long Island University edited by Martin Tucker

Pacifism, a movement and spirit long known for its activist stance in American culture, is probed by ten distinguished commentators in the just published Winter 1981 issue of *CONFRONTATION*. The essay/articles trace the direction of the pacifist tradition and the changes in operating procedures of pacifist groups.

Guest-edited by Murray Polner, the supplement includes contributions by Gordon C. Zahn, Dr. Howard H. Hiatt, John Swomley, Jr., Carol Ascher, Rabbi Albert S. Axelrad, Steven S. Schwarzchild, Ann Morrissett Davidon, Michael True and Bob Seeley.

The award-winning journal also features the work of fiction writers and poets—among them, Sol Yurick, Paula Fox, Jay Neugeboren, Richard Harris, Isabella Gardner, Jane Mayhall, John Fandel, Terry Stokes, Jean Hollander and others.

To order: $3.00 per single issue $10.00 for two years
$5.00 for one year $15.00 for three years

Enclose check or money order to:
Ms. Eleanor Feleppa, Director of Public Relations
Southampton College of Long Island University
Southampton, New York 11968

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

CASH FROM BOXTOPS, LABELS. You save 50% and more on groceries. Method guaranteed! Information 25¢. Greentree, Box 216, Verona, WI 53593.

HOME IMPORT MAIL ORDER BUSINESS
Would you like to make hundreds of dollars a day—day-after-day—in your own mail order business? Starting from home part/full time you can use our list to deal directly with overseas manufacturers with hot selling products at very low U.S. cost. Make over 300% profit. Only $2.95 per 500 suppliers; $5.00/1000 starts you. Send check to ETTCORP INTERNATIONAL RESOURCES LTD., 4980 N. Marine Drive, Suite 334, Chicago, Illinois 60640.

$500 Weekly Possible mailing letters. Send stamped envelope, Ray Associates, 28 Ann St., West Haven, CT 06516.

Earn excellent first or second salary—$1500/month possible. Paid weekly. Free details. Send stamp to Consol. Mailing Servs., Box 483, Ft. Belvoir, VA 22060.

Einstein's Scdls, Expsd, Rfmd, Sprcdd! $1, 408 Vt., *Daytona, FL 32081*

POCKET $100/MONTH! GUARANTEED!! Unique "Inflation-Fighting" Newsletter tells secret, proof Free. Write: Tips, Box 156TN, Brooklyn, NY 11224.

BOOKS

WANTED: Used books on any Left, Progressive, Feminist topics. Collections sought. Southpaw Books, 57 Beechglen St., Roxbury, MA 02119. 617-442-5524.

USED CANADIAN BOOKS: Free catalogues on request. C & E Books, Box 2744, Kitchener. N2H 6N3, Canada.

E. P. Thompson: Poverty of Theory, $7.50, Writing By Candlelight, $7.95. Redletter Books, 666N Amsterdam, NYC 10025.

VIDEO & FILM

Video cassettes, 16mm. S8. all ratings home use. Huge cat., $1. THUNDERBIRD. Box 65157N. LA. CA 90065.

HEALTH

YOU ARE WHAT YOU BREATHE—THE NEGATIVE ION STORY, by Robert Massy, Ph.D. Ion generator product comparisons. Where to buy. $3 to Wellspring, PO Box 3202, Winchester, VA 22601.

PERSONALS

SINGLE BOOK LOVERS gets cultured, single, widowed or divorced persons acquainted. Established in 1970. Nationwide. Write to Box AE, Swarthmore, Pa. 19063 or call 215-566-2132.

THE ARTS WORLD—Interesting cultured singles nationwide. Free details. Box 661, Staten Island, New York 10314.

TRAVEL

WORLDWIDE home/boat exchange & rental, SASE, TRADE-A-PLACE, PO Box 02522, Portland, OR 97202.

WORLDWIDE yacht charters, reduced rates, family rates, SASE, Charter Co-op, PO Box 02522, Portland, OR 97202.

ASSOCIATIONS

BERTRAND RUSSELL SOCIETY. Information: N. RD1. Box 409, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036.

LITERARY SERVICE

EDITING FOR YOUR NEWSLETTER. Practical guidebook for writing, design and production. Save money, raise quality. $7.50 prepaid includes postage. Coast to Coast Books, 2934N N.E. 16th, Portland, OR 97212.

PRINTING: At costs you can live with. QUALITY—PRICE—VALUE. Send for free estimate. Saul Stieglitz, 150 Varrick Street, New York, NY 10013.

BIOGRAPHY PRESS will print your book. Rt. 1-745, Aransas Pass, TX 78336.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS

Handwriting analysis. Mail sample and $15. State age and sex. A. Charlesworth, CGA, PO Box 41, Forest Park, Dayton, OH 45405.

For the convenience of those who wish to place a classified notice in *THE NATION:*

RATES: $.75 per word, 15 word minimum; telephone and POB numbers count as two words, abbreviations and zip codes as one. Copy deadline 17 days prior to week of publication. Payment must accompany order.

Take advantage of our special offer: place an order for two insertions of your ad, and we will print a third insertion free!

TO: *THE NATION*
Classified Department
72 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. N.Y. 10011

Enclosed is my check for $____ for my advertisement to run ____ weeks

Advertiser _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Copy: _____

_____

_____

_____

_____

Payment in U.S. currency

HELP WANTED

TYPESETTERS WANTED
Freelance typesetters, experienced with Editwriter 7500, wanted for part-time work. Contact: JANE SHARPLES, The Nation, 242-8400.

MISCELLANEOUS

49 Biblical Contradictions, $3.00; Discovery, Box 20331-TN, West Valley City, UT 84120.

CELTIC FOLK HARPS. For free brochure write: Caswell Harps, 14690 Carrier Lane #25, Guerneville, CA 95446.

PUT ASTROLOGY to work for you! Natal chart—vocational analysis—compatibility comparisons—medical astrology—much more! Free brochure. Apsi Astro Associates, Dept. TN4. Box 27205, Tempe, Arizona 85282.

LOGIC GAMES: 3-D pentominoes thrill your senses, expand mind power. Handsome 12-pc. hardwood. SASE for brochure or $29 for Quintillions (TM) to: Kadon, Suite 16N, 1227 Lorene Dr., Pasadena, MD 21122.

What's Japan's success? True Buddhism. For area centers & book list send $2 to Harman, 948 7th St. #6, Santa Monica, CA 90403.

CIA Killed King & JFK? See the new photo evidence the media still won't print. 17 extraordinary photos. Send $3: JFK Book, PO Box 42644, S.F., CA 94101.

Join NEGATIVE POPULATION GROWTH, INC., 16 East 42nd St., Suite 1042 (H), and help us reduce the population by at least 50 percent. FREE BROCHURE.

TECHNOCRACY—TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for one dollar from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, Ohio 44874.

Turquoise—The Mythic Stone of North America. *Cabochons (minimum 1 gram)* $3. *Polished nuggets* (min. 1.5 grams) $5. Skystone, PO Box 992, Albuquerque, NM 87103.

Handcrafted Pine Accessories
Bath-Kitchen-Gifts. Brochure 50¢. House of PineCraft, 266 E. Main St., Malone, NY 12953.

MEN AND WOMEN OF GOOD WILL: prevent nuclear war by striking for unilateral disarmament.

RECIPES

Aphrodisiac Recipes (lewd?), positive results. SASE and $2 to Chef, Box 17549-N, Chicago, IL 60617.

GRANDMA JONES' SEVERE PUNCH. Powerful party pleaser. Tested. $3 to: N. Jones, RD 2, Milton, VT 05468. Wow!

Backpackers! Boaters! Ovenless yeastbread, traditional nomad method, SASE $1, 0245 SW Nebraska, Portland, OR 97201.

FOR THE COLLECTOR

FAMOUS LAST LETTERS
BY
Joan of Arc, Henry IV, Marie Antoinette, Napoleon and more; one single set of actual letters, reproduced by the Paris Museum in 1935, available for sale. Nation Box 213.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REAL ESTATE

How to find and purchase good country land. Secrets, hints. Free details: D & K Associates, 70529N-1 Martin Road, Edwardsburg, MI 49112.

Choice small home with rental apartment, garage-studio, wooded lot N.H. college town, mountains, lakes, ski. Owner moving. 603-526-6059.

FARMS AND RANCHES in the heart of the Missouri Ozarks. Beautiful fields and forests, plenty of grass and water, mild climate, low taxes, reasonable prices, friendly people. Free brochure. Renee Wood, Hillcrest Realty, 503 East Second Street, Willow Springs, Missouri 65793, (417) 469-2595.

PUBLICATIONS

Just good poetry. Low prices. Inquire, Barnwood Press Cooperative, RR 2, Box 11C, Daleville, IN 47334.

From Cancer Science to the Humanity Christ! Philosophy of all kinds and as one! It's time for some **UNCOMMON SENSE**; pick up **AMERICA'S GAUNTLET** today! Both for $9, postpaid. Send to: word enterprise, PO Box 535-R, Fairview, NJ 07022.

THE ETRUSCANS CAME FROM TROY. A fascinating (and most intriguingly documented) new theory! Read about it, and other thought-provoking discoveries in the ancient world in ARCHAEOLOGY NEWSLETTER, illustrated, now in its 16th year. Free Etruscan reprint when you send $7.00 for 4-issue subscription to REISS CO., 243 East 39th St., NYC 10016.

"THE CHASTISEMENT OF CHASE BANK" (Reply to REAGAN MONOMANIA) by Abram Eisenman. "EXCELLENT! I liked every word."—John Kenneth Galbraith. "I liked your Chasing, too."—Anthony Lewis. For copies, send $1 to A.E., 234 E. 48, Savannah, GA 31405.

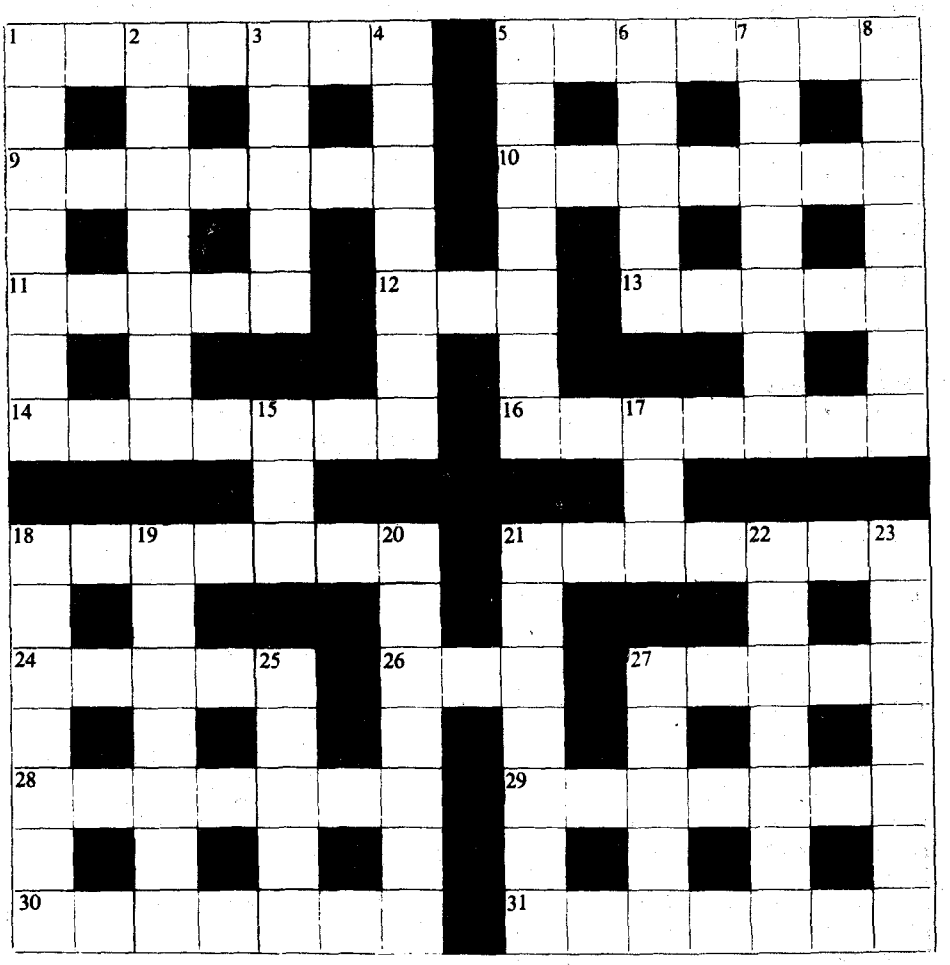
"THE EVENT"—the first single-topic documentary magazine—announces its 4th issue, devoted to the energy crisis, called AMERICA WITHOUT OIL? Toffler, Asimov and others contribute new perspectives on energy and the quality of life. At your newsstand now. (Next issue: a documentary on health called LIVING BETTER IN THE '80s. At your newsstand 6/3.) To order: specify title. Send $3 each to THE EVENT, 9 E. 32nd St., NYC 10016. One-year subscription $10/4 issues.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1859

B	I	R	D	S	O	F	A	F	E	A	T	H	E	R
A		A		K		I		L		C		Y		U
C	H	I	D	I	N	G		O	R	A	N	G	E	S
K		M		N		S		R		D		I		S
G	R	E	E	D	Y		B	E	R	I	B	E	R	I
R		N		E		T		S		A		N		A
O	N	T	H	E	F	E	N	C	E		J	E	A	N
U				P		R		E		S				R
N	O	D	S		G	R	A	N	D	P	I	A	N	O
D		E		A		A		T		A		M		U
M	I	S	P	L	A	C	E		O	R	D	E	A	L
U		E		K		O		S		K		R		E
S	E	R	V	A	N	T		P	A	L	M	I	S	T
I		V		L		T		E		E		C		T
C	H	E	M	I	C	A	L	W	A	R	F	A	R	E

Crossword Puzzle No. 1860

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 13 Do they have to be stoned before those you bring to the banquet are sated? (Well, not exactly sated at last!) (7,5)
5 It's wrong when young reporters are about to show up non-traditional painters. (7)
9 Certainly not a high-fashion outfit, but one might start out in it. (3,4)
10 Those who come first must necessarily do so. (7)
11 A game one might play on return? (5)
12 Such a wrap shouldn't really constrict. (3)
13 See 1 across
14 Trees to form an architectural ornament, perhaps. (7)
16 Letter opener, perhaps. (4,3)
18 Resorts to this, changing lists. (7)
21 One form of salesmen—it sounds as though they must use their feet to get around. (7)
24, 26 and 27 Reputedly you'll find the truth in this. (5,3,5)
28 Name one to be addressed as 16? (7)
29 What a sticker might do. (One who is finally up may well be.) (7)
30 Acted like a Whiffenpoof lamb. (7)
31 Chosen people at one time? (7)

DOWN

1 Not a perfect soldier—though more dependable, in a sense. (7)
2 Draws up in this direction, obviously. (7)
3, 15 and 25 Supplies a form of ante-nourishment? (Gives milk, perhaps.) (5,3,5)
4 Descriptive of what might 29. (With this deal, rub the wrong way!) (7)
5 and 18 down Where force is only part of the game. (4,3,7)
6, 17 and 27 down Minimum diet, simple enough to be put in one sentence. (5,3,5)
7 The sort of dresses and hats she fashioned show how many points can be covered. (7)
8 His pen served to show the poet he was. (7)
15 See 3 down
17 See 6 down
18 See 5 down
19 The star you can see explode and break into fragments. (7)
20 There's a certain amount of reverential fear in the propagative part of alga, for example. (7)
21 Not necessarily used only to secure bohemian quarters. (7)
22 He might be associated with a famous opening remark, and a number of 18. 3,4)
23 Tracks or trails. (7)
25 See 3 down
27 See 6 down

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Interview With the 116-Year-Old Magazine

There's much talk these days about the New Right. In your 116 years of existence as a liberal magazine you've seen a lot. What is your opinion of the New Right?

New? What's new about it? Only their haircuts and their polyester suits are new. These fellows have been saying the same thing since Jay Cooke, Jay Gould and J. P. Morgan.

You are referring to some famous businessmen of the nineteenth century, I believe.

That's right. Back when I was starting out we had what Mark Twain called "the Gilded Age." You had to admire those old Robber Barons, though. They stole the country fair and square. None of this public relations snake oil like today. "The public be damned," old William Henry Vanderbilt said. That's what *he* thought about public relations.

Do you mean big business is more public-spirited today?

No. Just more P.R.-minded. When Mobil steals the consumer's dollar, it takes out a long-winded ad saying it is fighting the energy shortage.

What else is different about big business today?

Well, back in the Gilded Age they believed in the survival of the fittest. If you went bust, you didn't run crying to the government for a bail-out. You just went out and stole another streetcar line or formed a new trust.

So Ronald Reagan's New Beginning doesn't impress you very much?

New beginning? I call it the same old soak-the-poor plan for bigger corporate profits. Back then they called it Social Darwinism; now they call it Kemp-Roth. In my day we had John D. Rockefeller. Now we have multinationals. Nothing much has changed. I guess that's why I'm still around. Somebody's got to tell people what to do when they get fed up. That's why we published Robert Sherrill on Big Oil and Mark Green on Cowboy Capitalism and Harry Caudill on the Synfuel Follies and David Noble and Nancy Pfund on Big Business Goes to College. If *you're* getting fed up, just fill out that coupon and subscribe to *The Nation*. I wasn't born yesterday.

The Nation

P.O. Box 1953 Marion, Ohio 43305

YES! Send me six months (24 issues) of *The Nation* at the low introductory rate of $11.95. I understand I may cancel at any time and receive a prompt refund for all undelivered copies.

☐ I enclose $11.95. For saving you billing costs, I will receive four extra issues free.

☐ Enclosed is $21 (special discount offer) for one full year (47 issues).

*Add $5 for postage for Canada and Mexico; $7 other foreign subscriptions. Subscriptions payable in equivalent U.S. funds.

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

2211

ETSU LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED